

A.M.C.

# JUMBO COMICS

No. 108  
FEB.  
10¢

Thrill to  
**THE HAWK  
GHOST SQUADRON**  
AND MANY OTHERS



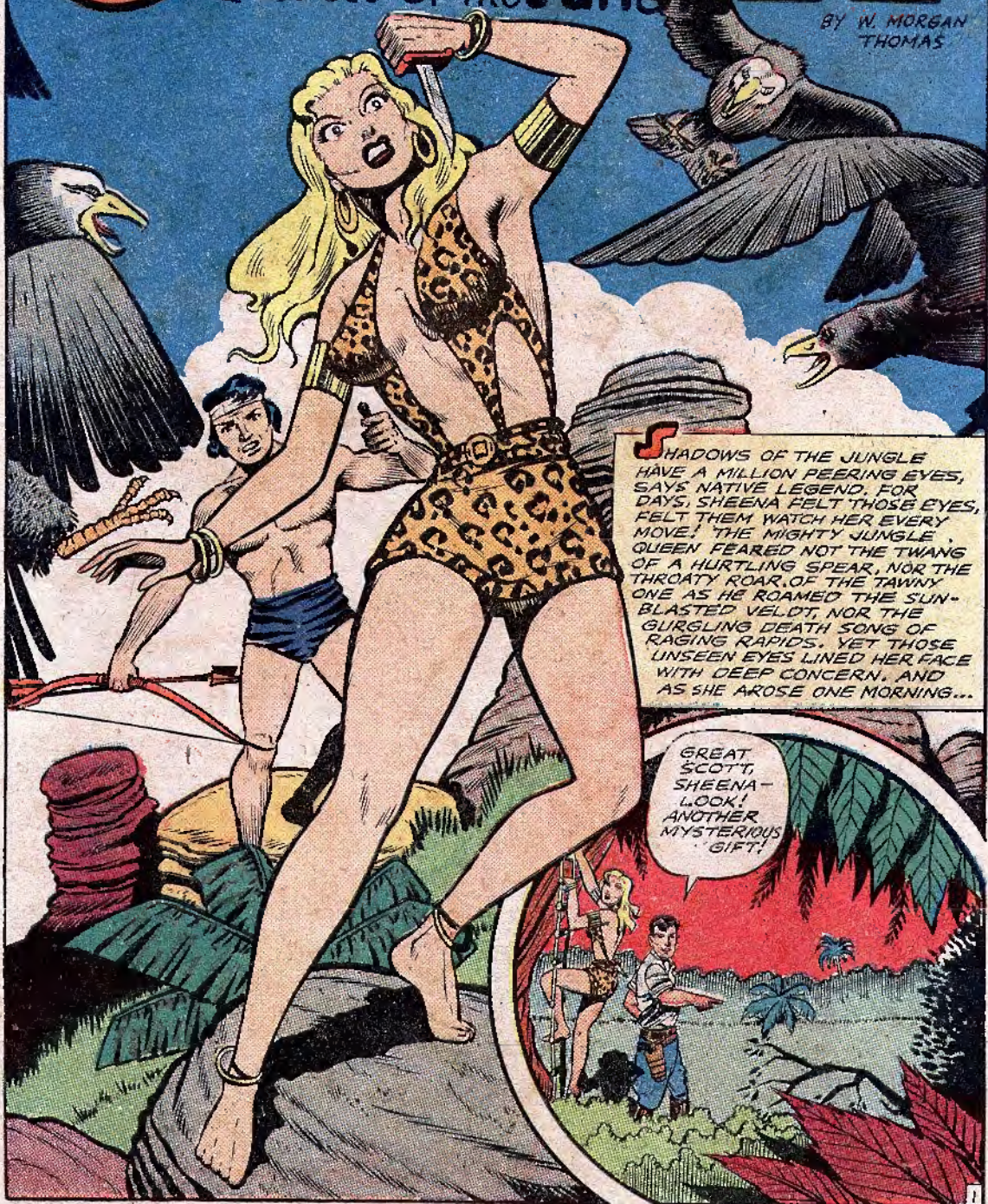
**SHEENA,**  
Queen of the Jungle,  
WAKES THE PHANTOM  
WINGS OF TERROR'S  
TOMB IN  
**"The Orphan of  
Vengeance Vale"**



# SHEENA

Queen of the Jungle

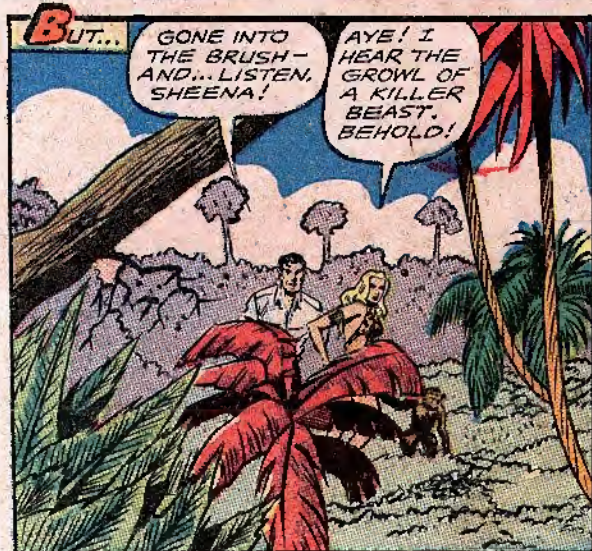
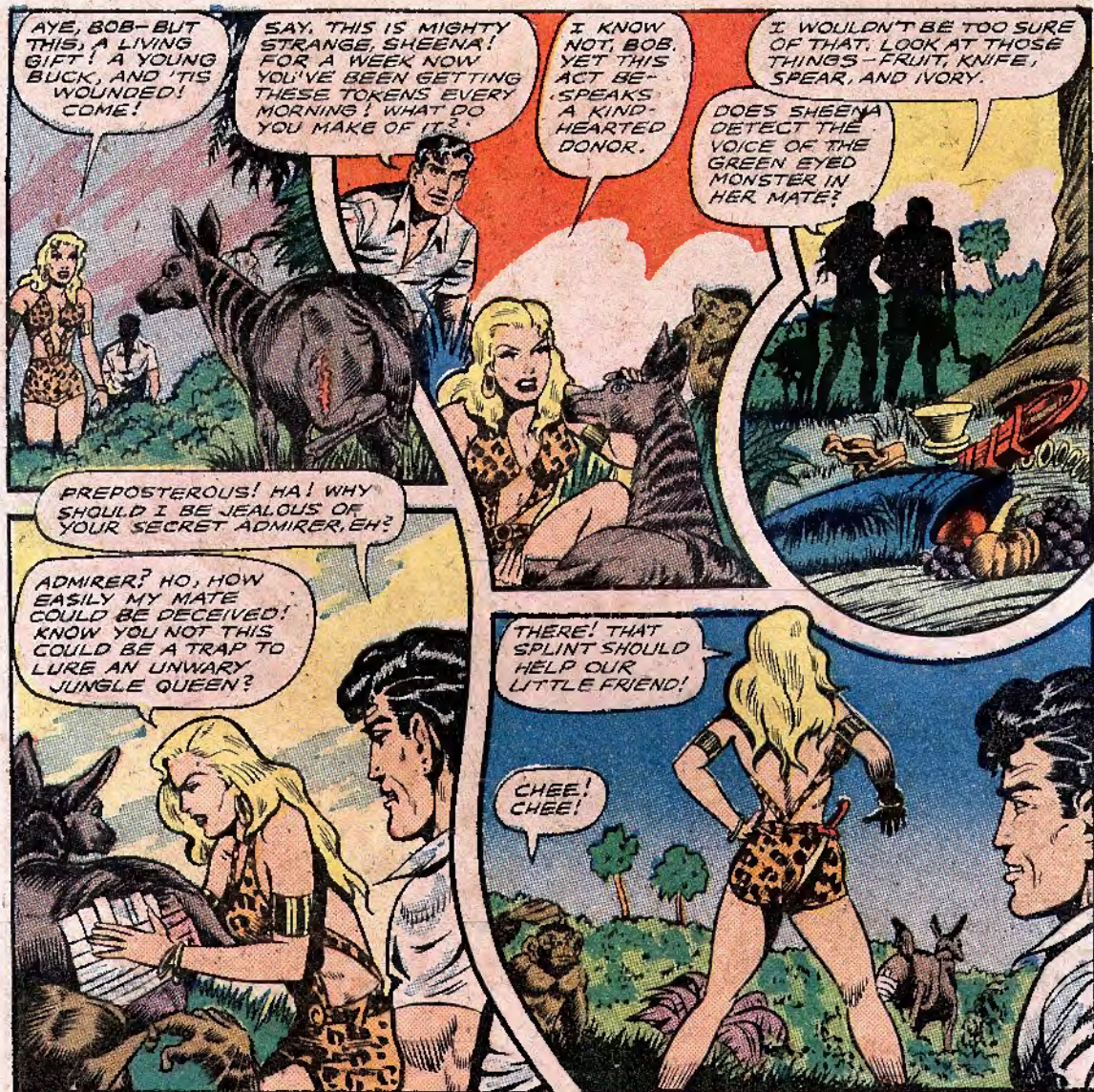
BY W. MORGAN  
THOMAS



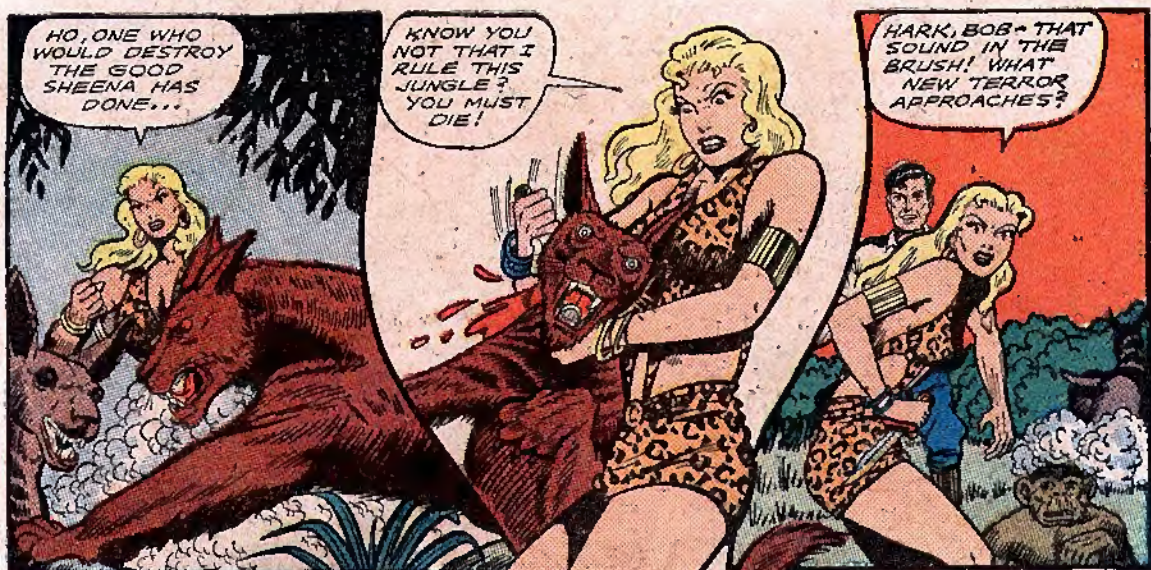
**S**HADOWS OF THE JUNGLE HAVE A MILLION PEERING EYES, SAYS NATIVE LEGEND. FOR DAYS, SHEENA FELT THOSE EYES, FELT THEM WATCH HER EVERY MOVE! THE MIGHTY JUNGLE QUEEN FEARED NOT THE TWANG OF A HURLING SPEAR, NOR THE THROATY ROAR OF THE TAWNY ONE AS HE ROAMED THE SUN-BLASTED VELD, NOR THE GURGLING DEATH SONG OF RAGING RAPIDS. YET THOSE UNSEEN EYES LINED HER FACE WITH DEEP CONCERN, AND AS SHE AROSE ONE MORNING...

GREAT  
SCOTT,  
SHEENA—  
LOOK!  
ANOTHER  
MYSTERIOUS  
GIFT!





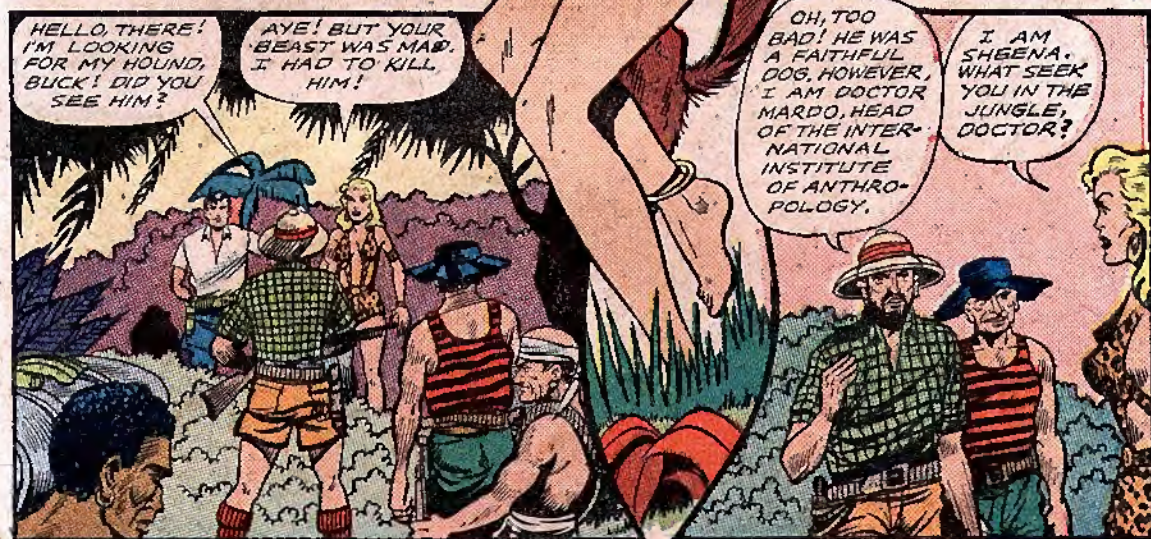




HO, ONE WHO WOULD DESTROY THE GOOD SHEENA HAS DONE...

KNOW YOU NOT THAT I RULE THIS JUNGLE? YOU MUST DIE!

HARK, BOB - THAT SOUND IN THE BRUSH! WHAT NEW TERROR APPROACHES?

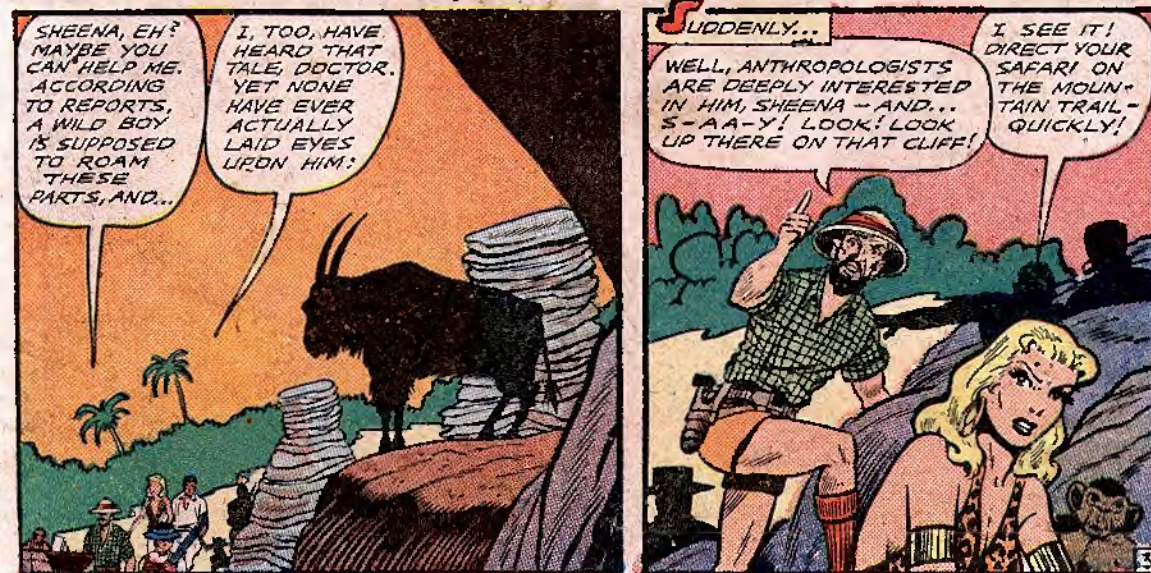


HELLO, THERE! I'M LOOKING FOR MY HOUND, BUCK! DID YOU SEE HIM?

AYE! BUT YOUR BEAST WAS MAD. I HAD TO KILL HIM!

OH, TOO BAD! HE WAS A FAITHFUL DOG. HOWEVER, I AM DOCTOR MARDO, HEAD OF THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ANTHROPOLOGY.

I AM SHEENA. WHAT SEEK YOU IN THE JUNGLE, DOCTOR?



SHEENA, EH? MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME. ACCORDING TO REPORTS, A WILD BOY IS SUPPOSED TO ROAM THESE PARTS, AND...

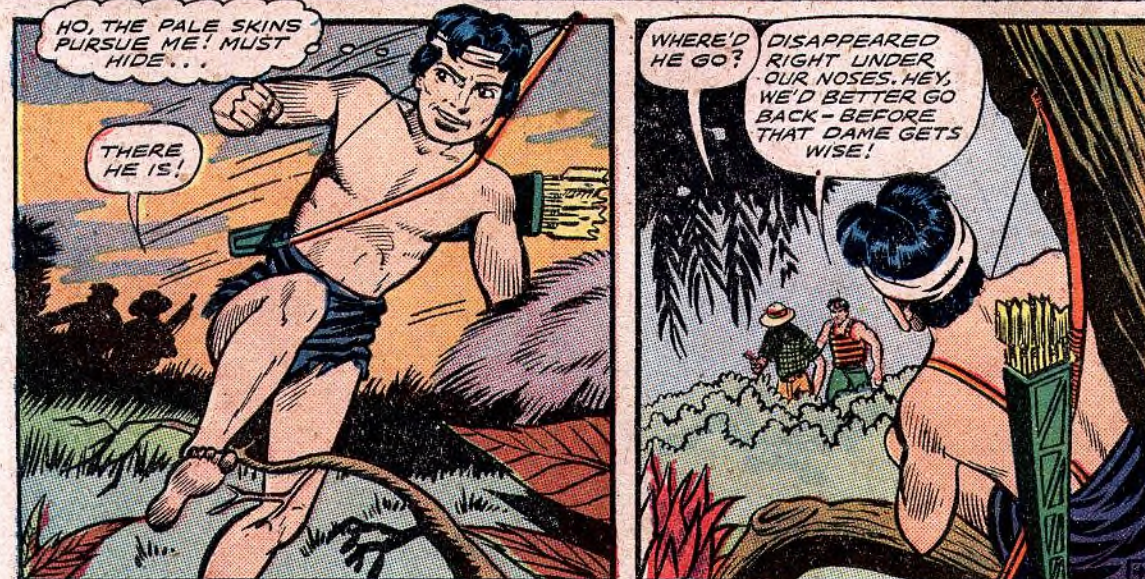
I, TOO, HAVE HEARD THAT TALE, DOCTOR. YET NONE HAVE EVER ACTUALLY LAID EYES UPON HIM:

**S**UDDENLY...

WELL, ANTHROPOLOGISTS ARE DEEPLY INTERESTED IN HIM, SHEENA - AND... S-AA-Y! LOOK! LOOK UP THERE ON THAT CLIFF!

I SEE IT! DIRECT YOUR SAFARI ON THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL - QUICKLY!







**S**OON...



SLIPPED FROM OUR FINGERS— BUT WE'LL GET HIM!

LOOK! THOSE EAGLES! IF THEY EVER ATTACK...

**A**S ABOVE



STILL THE PALE ONES COME— MY FEATHERED FRIENDS MUST LEND ME AID— NOW!



**A** WEIRD, SHRILL CALL ECHOES THROUGH THE ROCKS...

C-C-A-A-W-W-OOOEEE!

HARK— THE RUSTLING OF WINGS! THEY DIVE ON THOSE WHO PURSUE ME!

BEWARE!! THE TALONED ONES ATTACK!

BULLETS WILL STOP 'EM! QUICKLY!



STRANGE! THESE BIRDS ATTACK US— AFTER THAT CALL FROM ABOVE!

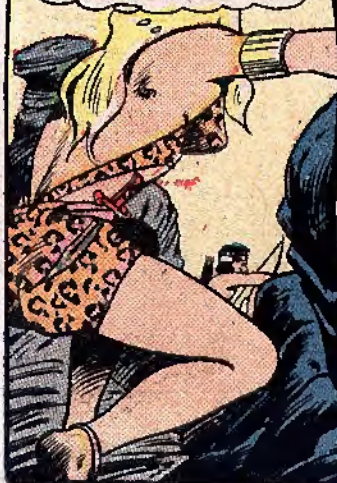


I MUST DISCOVER THE MEANING BEHIND THIS!



**SWIFTLY...**

WHAT? THE WILD BOY,  
AND IT IS HE WHO DIRECTS  
THE BIRDS! HE SEES ME  
NOT...



HOLD, BOY OF THE  
WILDERNESS!  
WHAT MEANS THIS  
VICIOUS ATTACK?  
SPEAK!



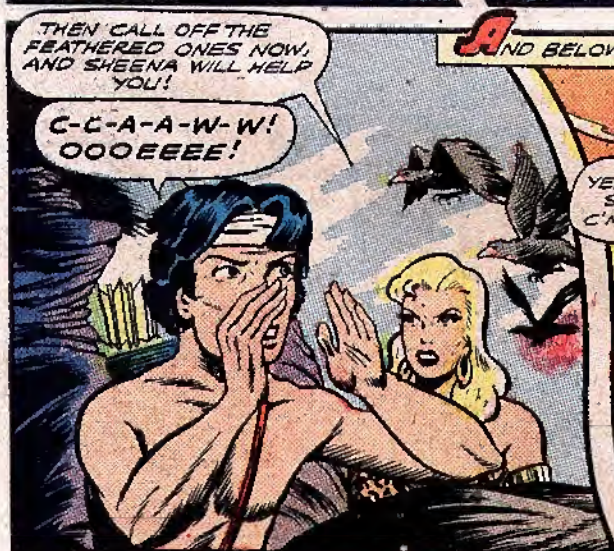
HO! 'TIS MY GOLDEN  
GODDESS, THE RE-  
CEIVER OF MY GIFTS!  
STAY, I SHALL TALK...

ALREADY  
DOES YOUR TONGUE  
SOLVE ONE MYSTERY,  
LITTLE ONE, YET WHY  
THIS ATTACK ON ONE  
WHOM YOU WORSHIP?

'TIS THE PALE  
ONES OF THE  
SAFARI, O SHEENA!  
A DIM MEMORY OF  
THEIR FACES  
LINGERS IN MY  
BRAIN! THEY  
ARE EVIL!!

THEN CALL OFF THE  
FEATHERED ONES NOW,  
AND SHEENA WILL HELP  
YOU!

C-C-A-A-W-W!  
OOOEEEE!



**A**ND BELOW...

THAT'S  
ODD! THAT  
WEIRD CALL  
AGAIN—AND  
THE EAGLES  
ARE FLYING  
OFF!

YEAH, MIGHTY  
STRANGE.  
C'MERE, GRIMES!



WHAT YA THINK,  
MARDO, THAT THE  
JUNGLE BABE GOT  
TO THAT BRAT—  
AND MAYBE HE'S  
SLABBIN'?

EXACTLY! WE'VE  
GOT TO WORK FAST!  
WORK YOURSELF  
BEHIND THIS CHUMP—  
AND PUT 'IM TO  
SLEEP!



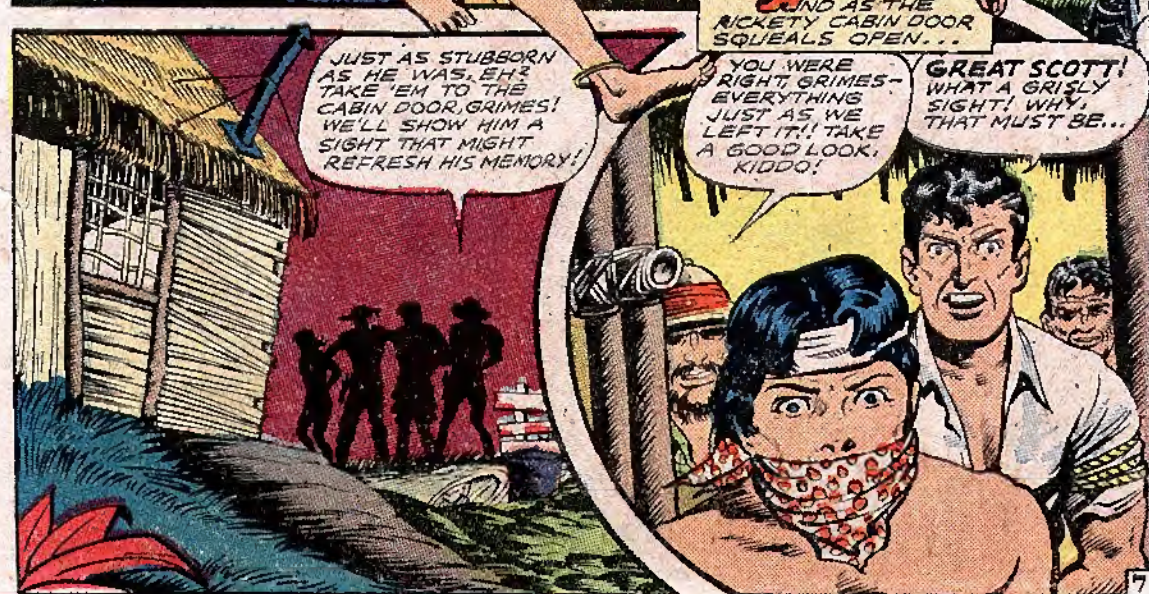
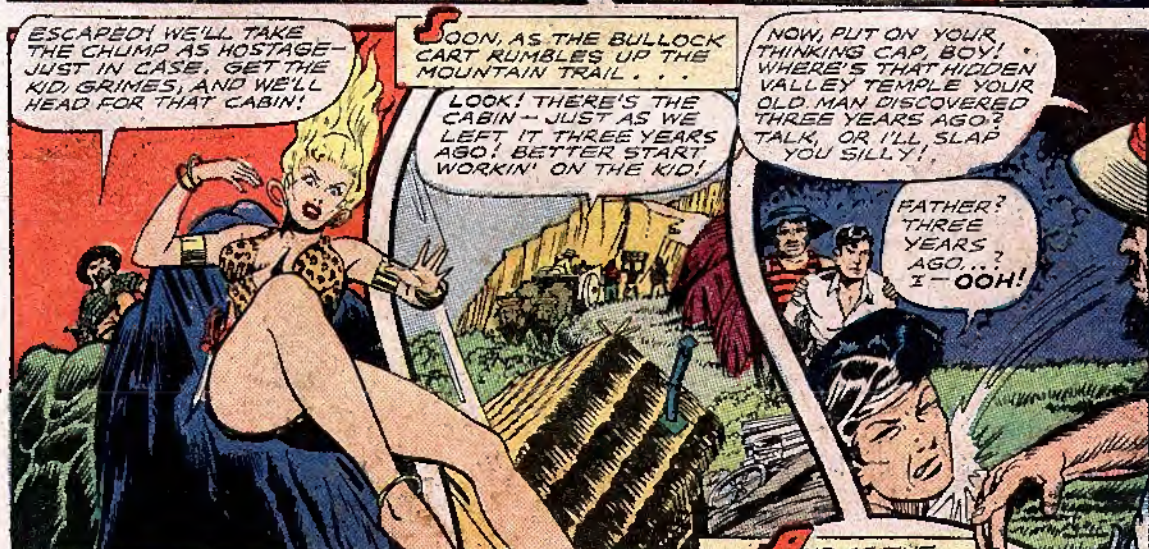
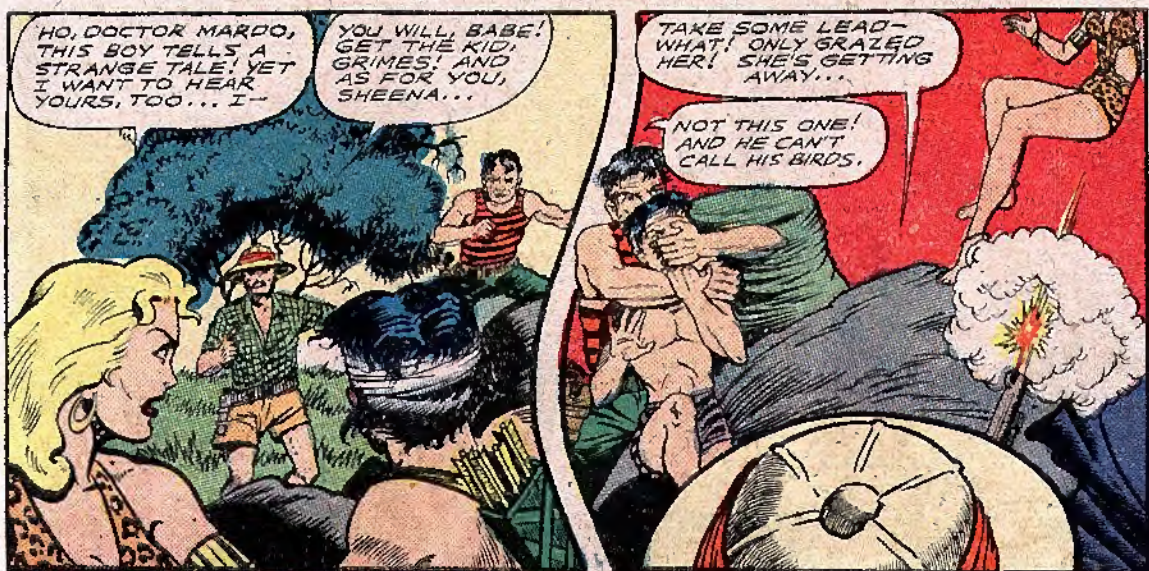
**SWIFTLY...**

SAY, DOC,  
SHEENA  
OUGHT  
TO BE—  
OOH!

GOOD! DON'T  
WORRY, CHUM,  
SHEENA'S  
GOING TO GET  
THE SAME!  
HURRY GRIMES—  
THEY'RE JUST  
AHEAD!









**M**EANWHILE...

**S**WIFT SECONDS LATER...



THE LEDGE SAVED MY LIFE! BUT I AM TRAPPED... NO WAY TO GET OFF—WAIT! THOSE SOUNDS ABOVE...

CHEE! CHEE!

CHIM! QUICKLY, DROP THE BOW AND ARROWS, DROP THEM TO ME!



VINE STRANDS BOUND TO MY BLADE— THAT TREE ABOVE...



CHEE!

GOOD BOY, CHIM!

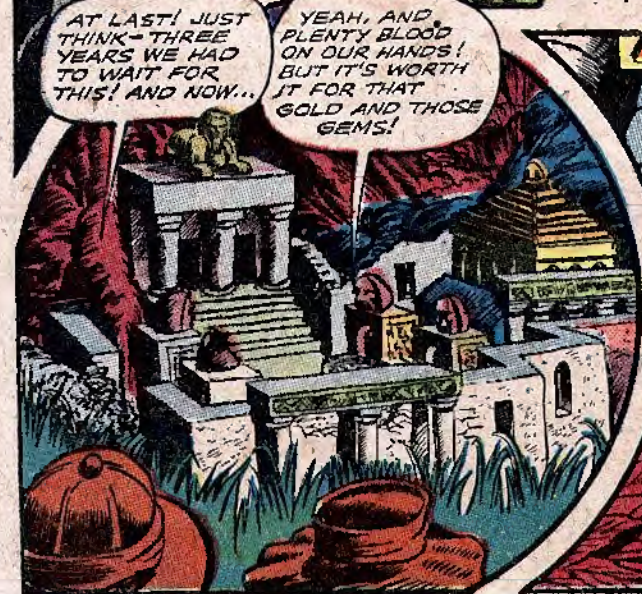
FREE ONCE MORE. THE ONE WHO CALLED HIMSELF DOCTOR MARDO MENTIONED A CABIN. IT IS THAT I MUST SEEK.

**T**HAT GRISLY SIGHT OF HORROR TO SEEMED TO REGISTER DEEPLY ON THE BOY'S THE CONFUSED BRAIN. CRUEL, TORTUROUS QUESTIONS BROKE HIS RESISTANCE— HE STARTED BABBLING ABOUT HIS MOTHER, HIS FATHER— THEN A TORRENT POURED FORTH ABOUT THE HIDDEN VALLEY AND TEMPLE, AND SOON AFTER— WARDS...



SO THIS IS THE HIDDEN VALLEY, EH? LOOK, GRIMES! WHAT'S THAT I SEE AHEAD?

IT'S THE TEMPLE!



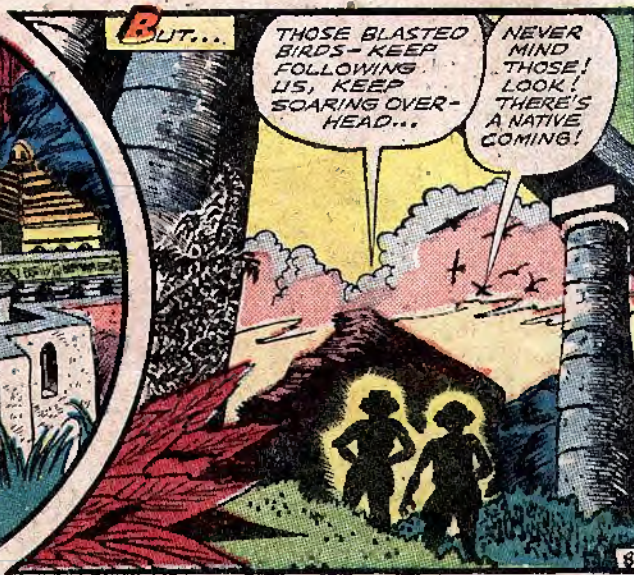
AT LAST! JUST THINK— THREE YEARS WE HAD TO WAIT FOR THIS! AND NOW...

YEAH, AND PLENTY BLOOD ON OUR HANDS! BUT IT'S WORTH IT FOR THAT GOLD AND THOSE GEMS!

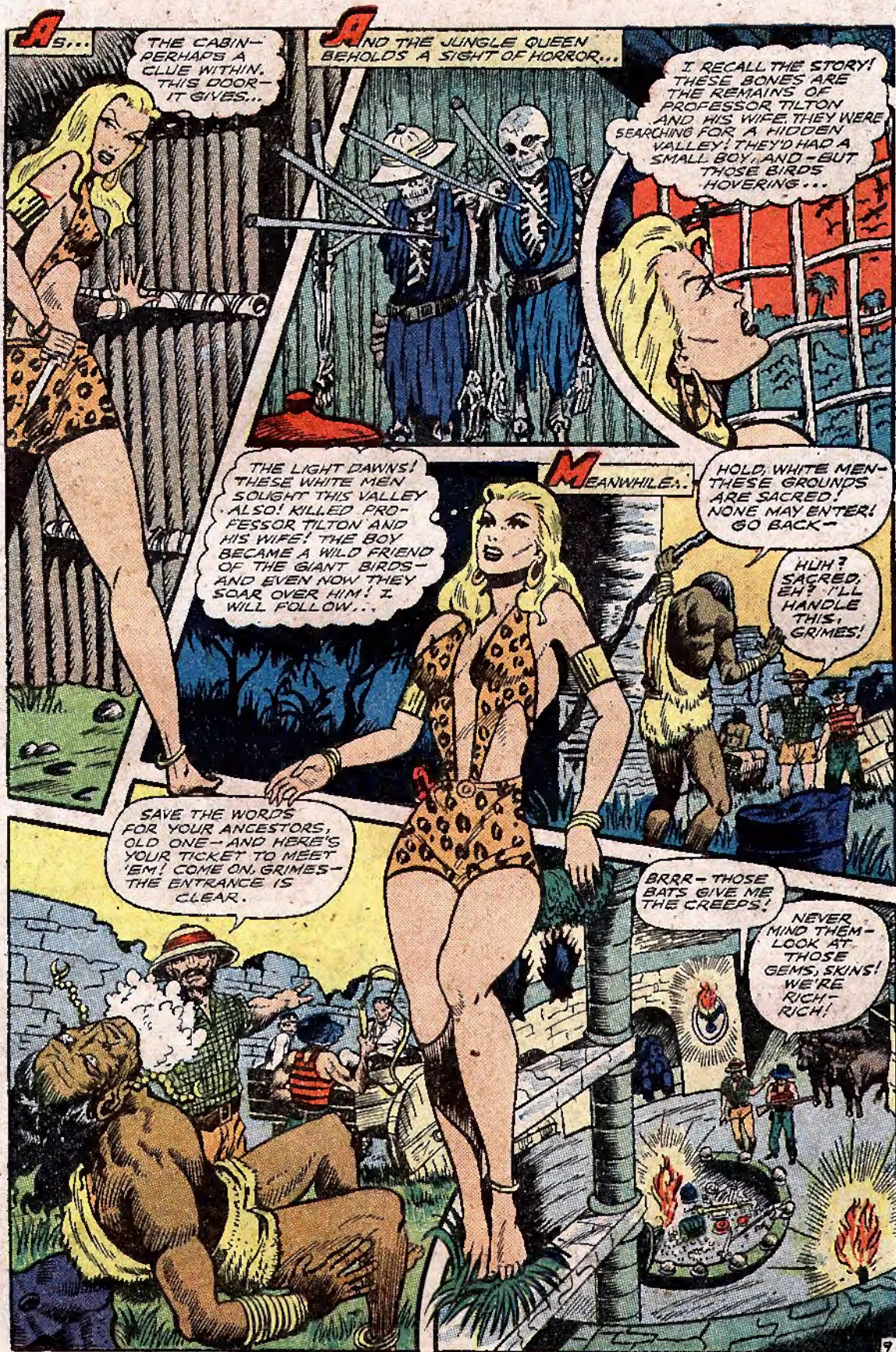
**B**UT...

THOSE BLASTED BIRDS— KEEP FOLLOWING US, KEEP SOARING OVER— HEAD...

NEVER MIND THOSE! LOOK! THERE'S A NATIVE COMING!







**A**S...

THE CABIN—  
PERHAPS A  
CLUE WITHIN.  
THIS DOOR—  
IT GIVES...

**A**ND THE JUNGLE QUEEN

BEHOLDS A SIGHT OF HORROR...

I RECALL THE STORY!  
THESE BONES ARE  
THE REMAINS OF  
PROFESSOR TILTON  
AND HIS WIFE! THEY WERE  
SEARCHING FOR A HIDDEN  
VALLEY! THEY'D HAD A  
SMALL BOY, AND—BUT  
THOSE BIRDS  
HOVERING...

THE LIGHT DAWNS!  
THESE WHITE MEN  
SOUGHT THIS VALLEY  
ALSO! KILLED PRO-  
FESSOR TILTON AND  
HIS WIFE! THE BOY  
BECAME A WILD FRIEND  
OF THE GIANT BIRDS—  
AND EVEN NOW THEY  
SOAR OVER HIM! I  
WILL FOLLOW...

**M**EANWHILE...

HOLD, WHITE MEN—  
THESE GROUNDS  
ARE SACRED!  
NONE MAY ENTER!  
GO BACK—

HUH?  
SACRED,  
EH? I'LL  
HANDLE  
THIS,  
GRIMES!

SAVE THE WORDS  
FOR YOUR ANCESTORS,  
OLD ONE—AND HERE'S  
YOUR TICKET TO MEET  
'EM! COME ON, GRIMES—  
THE ENTRANCE IS  
CLEAR.

BRRR—THOSE  
BATS GIVE ME  
THE CREEPS!

NEVER  
MIND THEM—  
LOOK AT  
THOSE  
GEMS, SKINS!  
WE'RE  
RICH—  
RICH!



**T**HE HOVERING BIRDS HER BEACON,  
SOON THE JUNGLE QUEEN HURTTLES  
DOWN...

VOICES! EVEN NOW  
THEY PLAN THE DEATHS  
OF THE BOY AND MY  
MATE. YET A SLIM  
CHANCE REMAINS. THOSE  
CREATURES OF THE  
DARKNESS MUST BE  
MY ALLY!

YOU'VE OUTLIVED  
YOUR USEFULNESS—  
BOTH OF YOU. I'M  
GOING TO KILL YOU  
NOW!

LIGHT AND HEAT  
WILL PROVOKE  
THEM TO ATTACK—  
BUT ONLY MOVING  
OBJECTS—

THAT  
TORCH...

BOB! BOB!  
ON YOUR LIFE,  
DO THE SAME  
AS I DO!

SHEENA!! FOLLOWED  
US, EH? LOOK!  
THEY'RE ALL STAND-  
ING-LIKE STATUES—  
PERFECT TARGETS!  
I'LL PLUG HER.

WATCH  
OUT!

BATS! TEARING MY  
THROAT—HELP,  
GRIMES, HELP!  
A-A-ARGH!

TOO  
LATE!  
I—  
OOOH!

SO THAT WAS IT!  
BATS WOULDN'T  
ATTACK US BE-  
CAUSE WE STOOD  
STILL. LOOK, HE'S  
CALLING THE  
EAGLES—AND  
THEY'RE KILLING  
THE BATS!

AYE, AND  
THE ONES  
OF EVIL  
HAVE MET  
A JUST  
END.

YET, O  
JUNGLE QUEEN,  
MY MEMORY OF  
YOU SHALL NEVER  
GROW DIM. NEVER!

LATER... SO YOU ARE MY  
SECRET ADMIRER!  
BUT BOB MUST MAKE  
PLANS TO RETURN YOU  
TO THE LAND OF YOUR  
PARENTS, WHERE A NAME  
WILL BE GIVEN YOU—AND  
YOU LIVE BY THE CODE  
OF THE WHITE MAN'S  
CIVILIZATION.

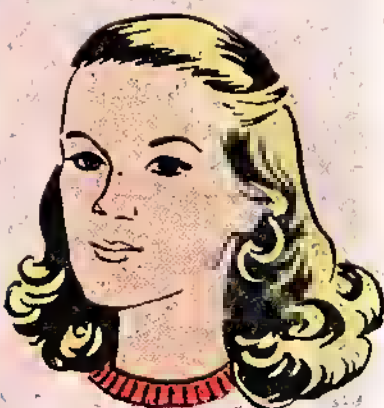
SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE  
JUNGLE IN EVERY ISSUE  
OF  
**JUMBO Comics!**



# ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads  
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles  
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis



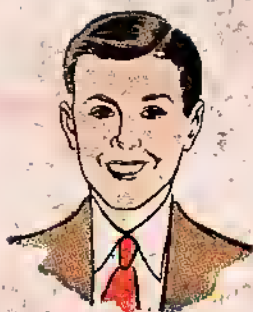
Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fect and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded

if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. , New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

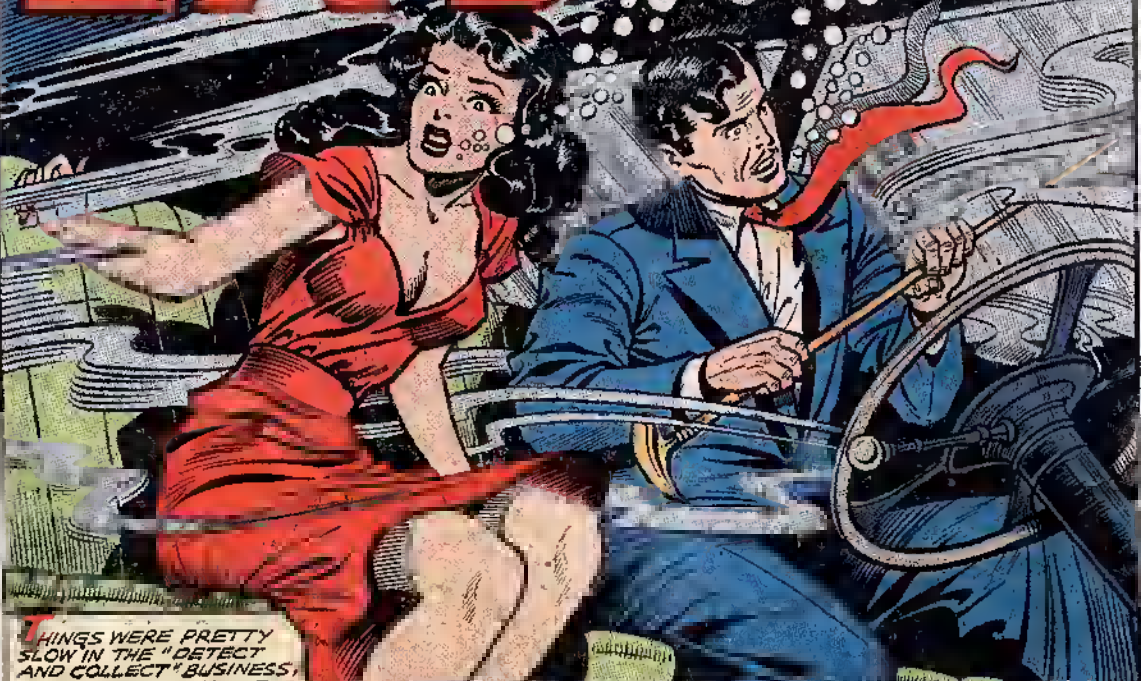




# ZX-5

BY

MAJOR  
THORPE



THINGS WERE PRETTY SLOW IN THE "DETECT AND COLLECT" BUSINESS, PARTICULARLY IN THE LATTER DEPARTMENT, SO WHEN A NIFTY BLONDE DROPPED IN AND OFFERED

I NATURALLY GAVE THE IDEA A LOT OF THOUGHT—SIXTY SECONDS WORTH—AND LATER, AS WE SPED ALONG THE HIGHWAY...

SO YOU'RE JUNE, THE CHAMP'S GIRL, EH? IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I SAW "BIG BOB" FALLON! HOW IS THE BRUISER ANYWAY?

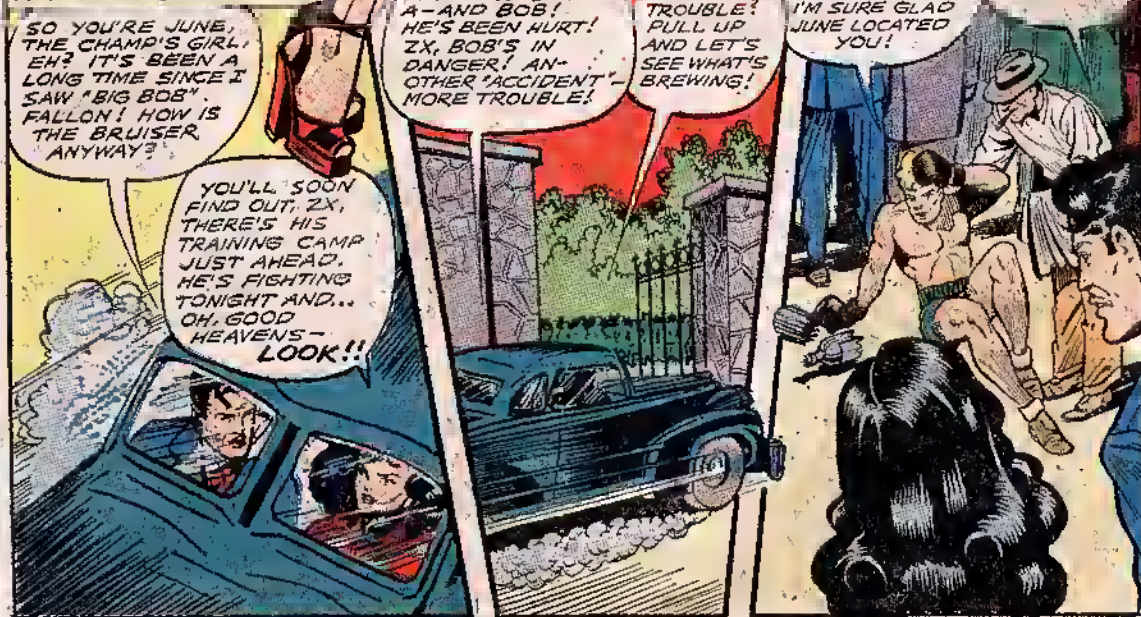
YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT, ZX, THERE'S HIS TRAINING CAMP JUST AHEAD. HE'S FIGHTING TONIGHT AND... OH, GOOD HEAVENS—LOOK!!

THAT CROWD... A—AND BOB! HE'S BEEN HURT! ZX, BOB'S IN DANGER! ANOTHER "ACCIDENT"—MORE TROUBLE!

BOB?—TROUBLE? PULL UP AND LET'S SEE WHAT'S BREWING!

OH, MY HEAD! DUSTED OFF BY A BOTTLE! THEY'RE GETTING TOUGHER! OH, HELLO, ZX! HEY, I'M SURE GLAD JUNE LOCATED YOU!

ME TOO, BUT WHAT'S THIS "BOTTLE BUSINESS"? ALL ABOUT? I THOUGHT TROUBLE WAS MY SPECIALTY!







IT'S THE BENNY-RINGO BOUT AT THE GARDEN, ZX. I'VE BEEN WARNED TO THROW THE FIGHT OR ELSE! TELEPHONE THREATS, THROWN BOTTLES... LOOKS LIKE THE 'SMART MONEY BOYS' MEAN BUSINESS!

IT'S THE GAMBLING SYNDICATE'S DOING - I'M SURE OF IT! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? OH, HERE COMES YOUR MANAGER WITH THE FIRST AID. HURRY, "TOWELS!"



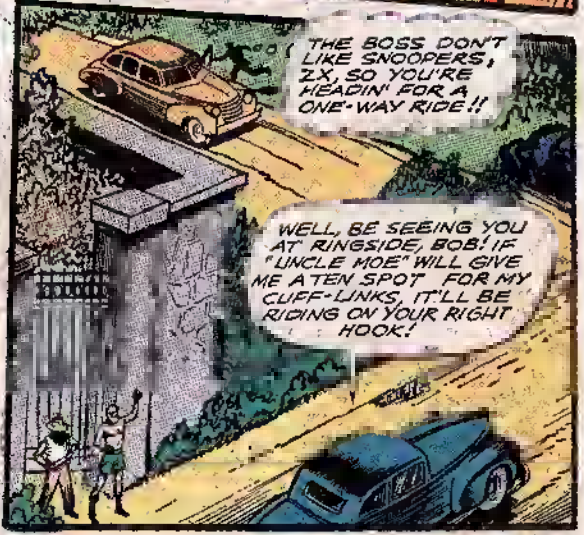
SO YOU THINK THE WHOLE THING, "ACCIDENTS" AND ALL, IS JUST A CRANK'S FRANK, EH, "TOWELS"? HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT?

SIMPLE! SO BOB DOESN'T THROW THE MATCH - SO WHAT CAN POSSIBLY HAPPEN TO HIM WITH TWENTY THOUSAND WITNESSES LOOKIN' ON?



YOU MAY BE RIGHT AT THAT, BUT I'M GOING BACK TO TOWN AND DO SOME FAST CHECKING ANYHOW! KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE CHAMP!!

DON'T WORRY, ZX... HE'S IN GREAT SHAPE AND HE'LL K.O. THAT RINGO IN THREE ROUNDS! WAIT AN' SEE!!



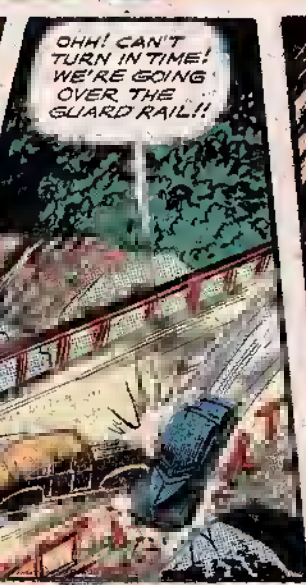
THE BOSS DON'T LIKE SNOOPERS, ZX, SO YOU'RE HEADIN' FOR A ONE-WAY RIDE!!

WELL, BE SEEING YOU AT RINGSIDE, BOB! IF "UNCLE MOE" WILL GIVE ME A TEN SPOT FOR MY CLIFF-LINKS, IT'LL BE RIDING ON YOUR RIGHT HOOK!



LATER... ZX! LOOK! THAT CAR! WHY, IT'S HEADING RIGHT AT US!

HOLD TIGHT, JUNE! THAT'S THE BABY WHO LEFT THE CAMP WHEN WE DID! IF I CAN JUST SWING OUT OF HIS PATH...



OH! CAN'T TURN IN TIME! WE'RE GOING OVER THE GUARD RAIL!!

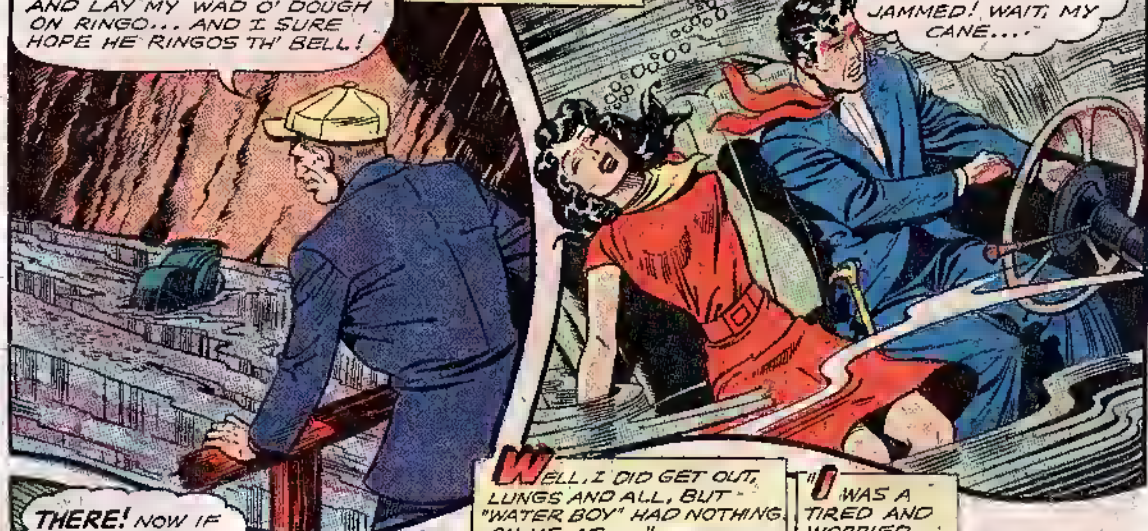




TUT-TUT, SHAMUS - BUT THAT'S WHAT YUH. GET FOR STICKIN' YER NOSE IN OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS! NOW I GOTTA HUSTLE BACK AND LAY MY WAD O' DOUGH ON RINGO... AND I SURE HOPE HE RINGOS TH' BELL!

UNACCUSTOMED TO DRINKING IN PUBLIC, I SWORE THAT IF I EVER CAME OUT OF THIS ALIVE, I'D NEVER DRINK STRAIGHT WATER AGAIN, FOR...

OH, THIS IS JUST DUCKY! JUNE'S OUT COLD, MY LUNGS ARE WORKING OVERTIME, AND THIS WINDOW'S JAMMED! WAIT, MY CANE...



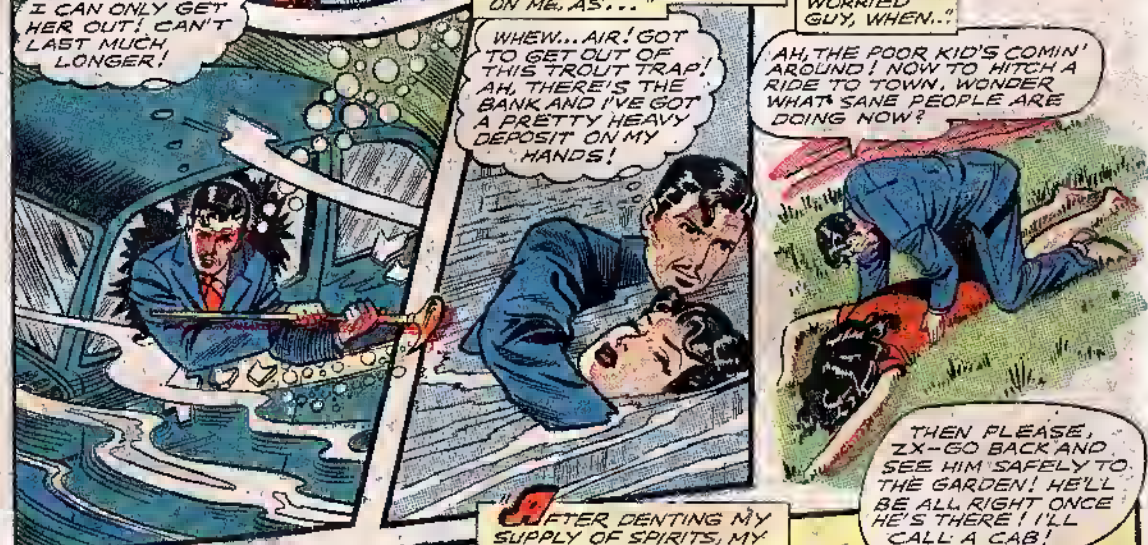
THERE! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET HER OUT! CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

WELL, I DID GET OUT, LUNGS AND ALL, BUT "WATER BOY" HAD NOTHING ON ME, AS...

I WAS A TIRED AND WORRIED GUY, WHEN...

WHEW... AIR! GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS TROUT TRAP! AH, THERE'S THE BANK AND I'VE GOT A PRETTY HEAVY DEPOSIT ON MY HANDS!

AH, THE POOR KID'S COMIN' AROUND! NOW TO HITCH A RIDE TO TOWN. WONDER WHAT SANE PEOPLE ARE DOING NOW?

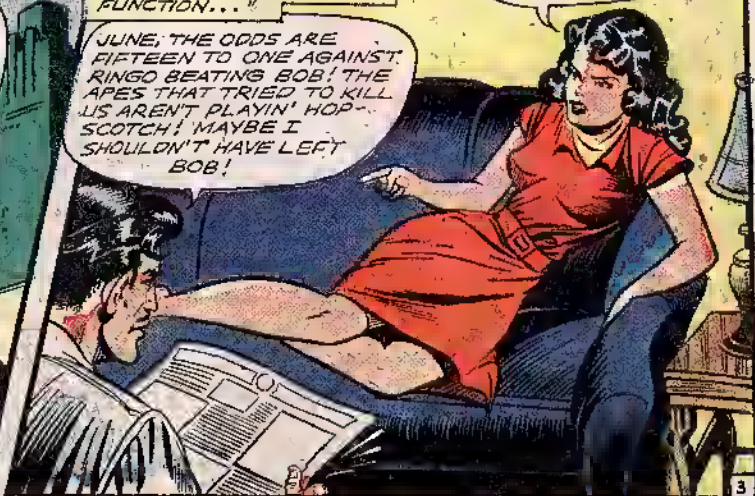
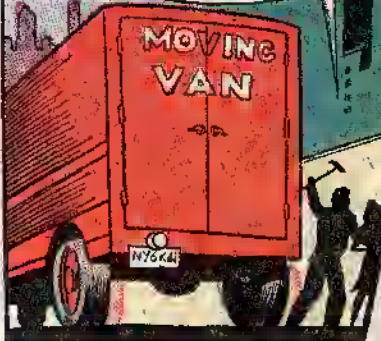


THEN PLEASE, ZX-GO BACK AND SEE HIM SAFELY TO THE GARDEN! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT ONCE HE'S THERE! I'LL CALL A CAB!

LATER... THANKS FOR THE LIFT, MAC! C'MON, JUNE, MY LAB'S ACROSS THE STREET. I'LL GRAB A PAPER AND THEN WE'LL CLIMB INTO SOME 'DRY MARTINIS'!

AFTER DENTING MY SUPPLY OF SPIRITS, MY MIND (?) BEGAN TO FUNCTION...

JUNE, THE ODDS ARE FIFTEEN TO ONE AGAINST RINGO BEATING BOB! THE APES THAT TRIED TO KILL US AREN'T PLAYIN' HOP-SCOTCH! MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT BOB!





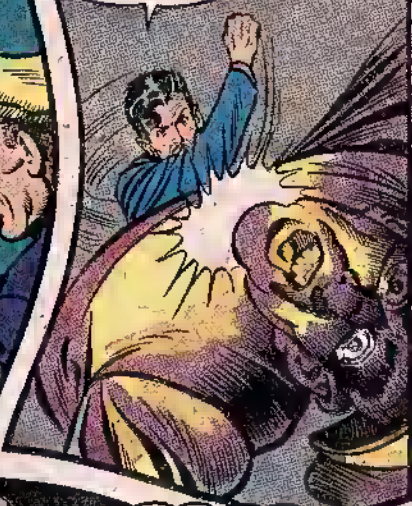
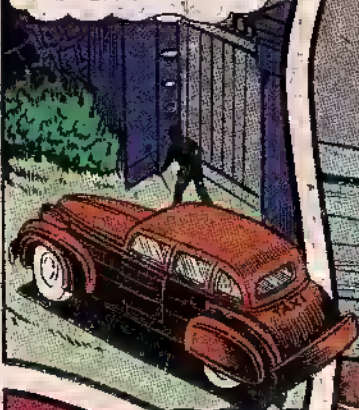
**A**FTER A SHOT-FROM-A-CANNON CAB RIDE, MY HEART WAS BACK IN PLACE WORKING AGAIN, BUT..."

NOW TO FIND BOB AND STICK TO HIM LIKE A PROCESS SERVER! GOOD—THE GATE'S OPEN...

HMM, MAYBE THIS IS HIS ROOM AND... I, WHAT! OH, THE PUNK FROM THE DUNK, EH?

ZX! ALIVE! WELL, THIS TIME I'M GONNA...

...TAKE A NAP? AIN'T IT THE TRUTH THOUGH?



AH, THERE'S "TOWELS" GETTING READY... SAY, WHAT'S HE DOING TO THOSE BOXING GLOVES?



WELL, ALL SET! NOW I'D BETTER GET BOB AND THEN HEAD FOR THE GARDEN!

WHAT THE? OH YOU SAP, ZX! OF COURSE...



**A** BRILLIANT THOUGHT STRUCK ME..."

HE PUT SOMETHING IN ONE GLOVE! NOW I KNOW I'VE GOT TO GET TO BOB AND—WHA...? OH!

SLUG MY PARTNER, WILL YA? WELL, MISTER, TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE!



OHH! I...





**W**HEN I CAME TO, AN ANIMATED CIGAR WITH FACE ATTACHED, SAID...

SO IT'S THE WISE EYE, HUH? WELL NOW YOU KNOW, BUT IT AIN'T GONNA HELP. I'VE GOT EVERY CENT ON RINGO AND HE'LL WIN! FIFTEEN TO ONE ODDS—I'LL BE RICH, RICH!

LISTEN, "TOWELS," YOUR THREATS WON'T WORK ON BOB ANY MORE THAN THEY'VE WORKED ON ME! BOB WILL K.O. RINGO BUT QUICK, AND THEN, BROTHER, LOOK OUT!

HA! WHY, WITH THESE GLOVES, BOB HASN'T GOT A CHANCE! HE'LL TAKE A DIVE AN' NOBODY WILL BE ABLE TO PROVE A THING! BE SEEN! YA, SUCKER!!

ROPE'S TIGHT, BUT MAYBE I CAN LOOSEN 'EM IN TIME!



**T**IGHT, DID I SAY? BROTHER, THOSE ROPES WERE TIGHTER THAN A MISER AT A CHARITY BALL... THEN...

I WAS WORRIED... THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED HELP, SO I TOOK A CAB AND FOLLOWED...

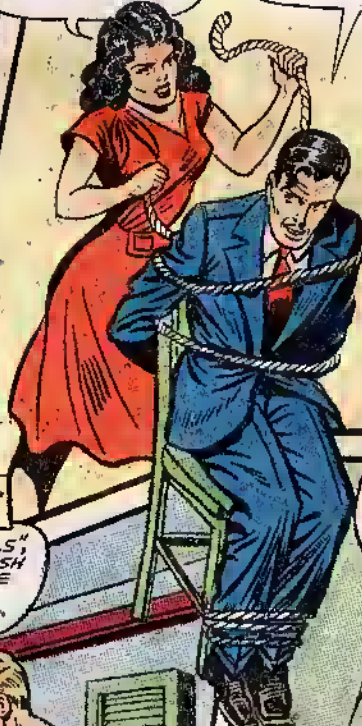
A CAB! THEN AT LEAST WE HAVE A CHANCE! LET'S GO!

THERE'S FIFTY IN IT FOR YOU IF WE GET TO RADISON SQUARE GARDEN BEFORE THE MAIN EVENT, BUD, CAN DO?

CAN TRY! HOP IN!

JUNE! HOW? WHAT? GET IN HERE AND GET ME OUT—QUICK!

ZX!!



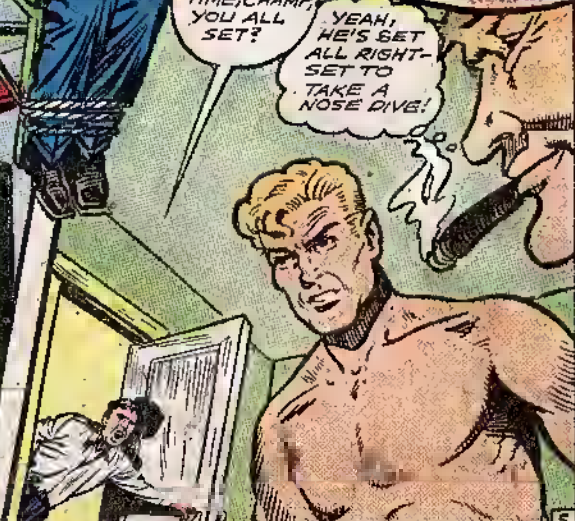
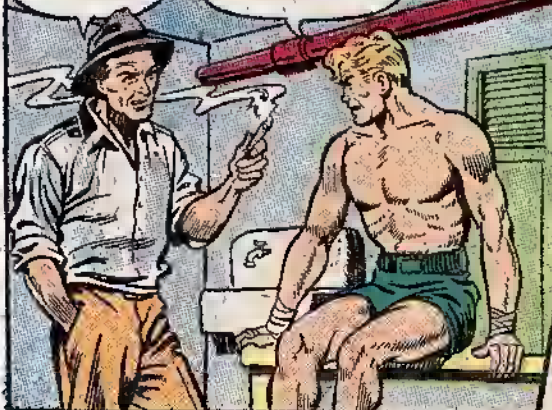
**M**EANWHILE, BOB AND "TOWELS" WERE AT THE GARDEN...

WELL, A FEW MORE MINUTES AND IT'LL BE ALL OVER... CHAMP!

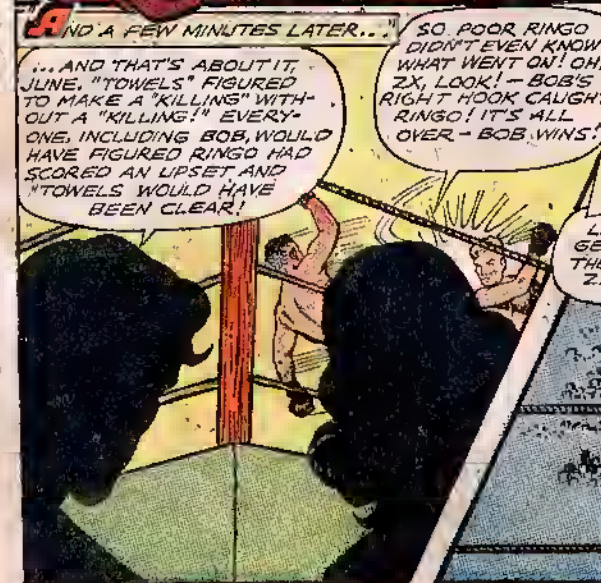
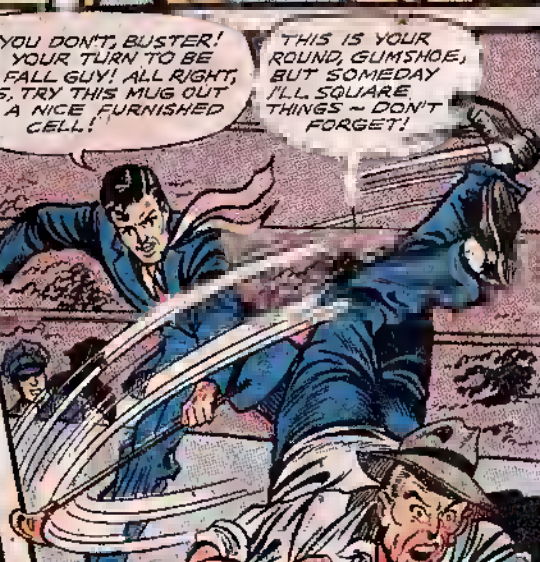
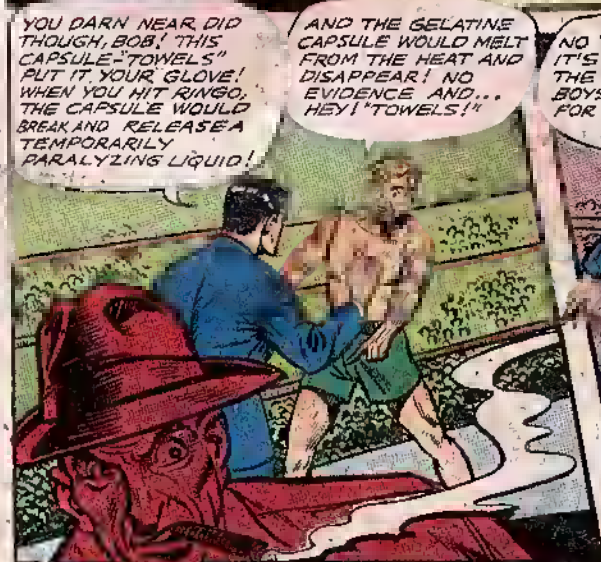
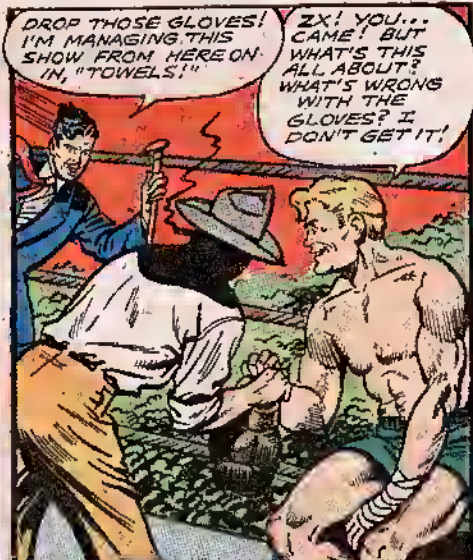
MAYBE, "TOWELS," BUT I SURE WISH I KNEW WHERE ZX AND JUNE WERE! I...

FIVE MINUTES TILL RING-TIME, CHAMP, YOU ALL SET?

YEAH, HE'S SET ALL RIGHT—SET TO TAKE A NOSE DIVE!







ZX-5 IN EVERY ISSUE OF  
**JUMBO** Comics!



# SKY GIRL

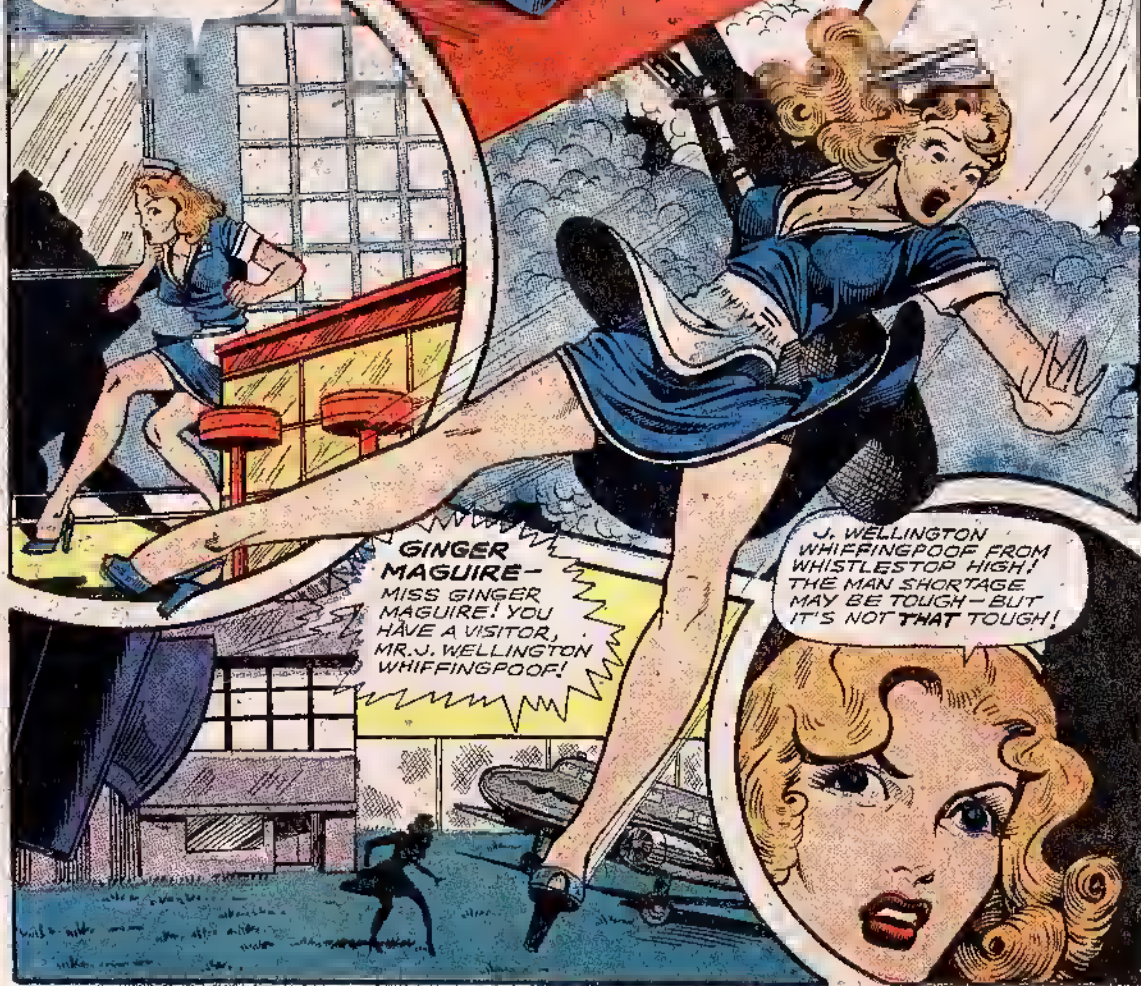
BY  
BILL  
GIBSON

**HEY!** WHAT GIVES? A GUY  
AFTER GINGE - AFTER ALL  
THESE YEARS? WE-ELL,  
THE MORNING MAIL FROM HER  
HOMETOWN SAID HE'S ON HIS  
WAY, AND...

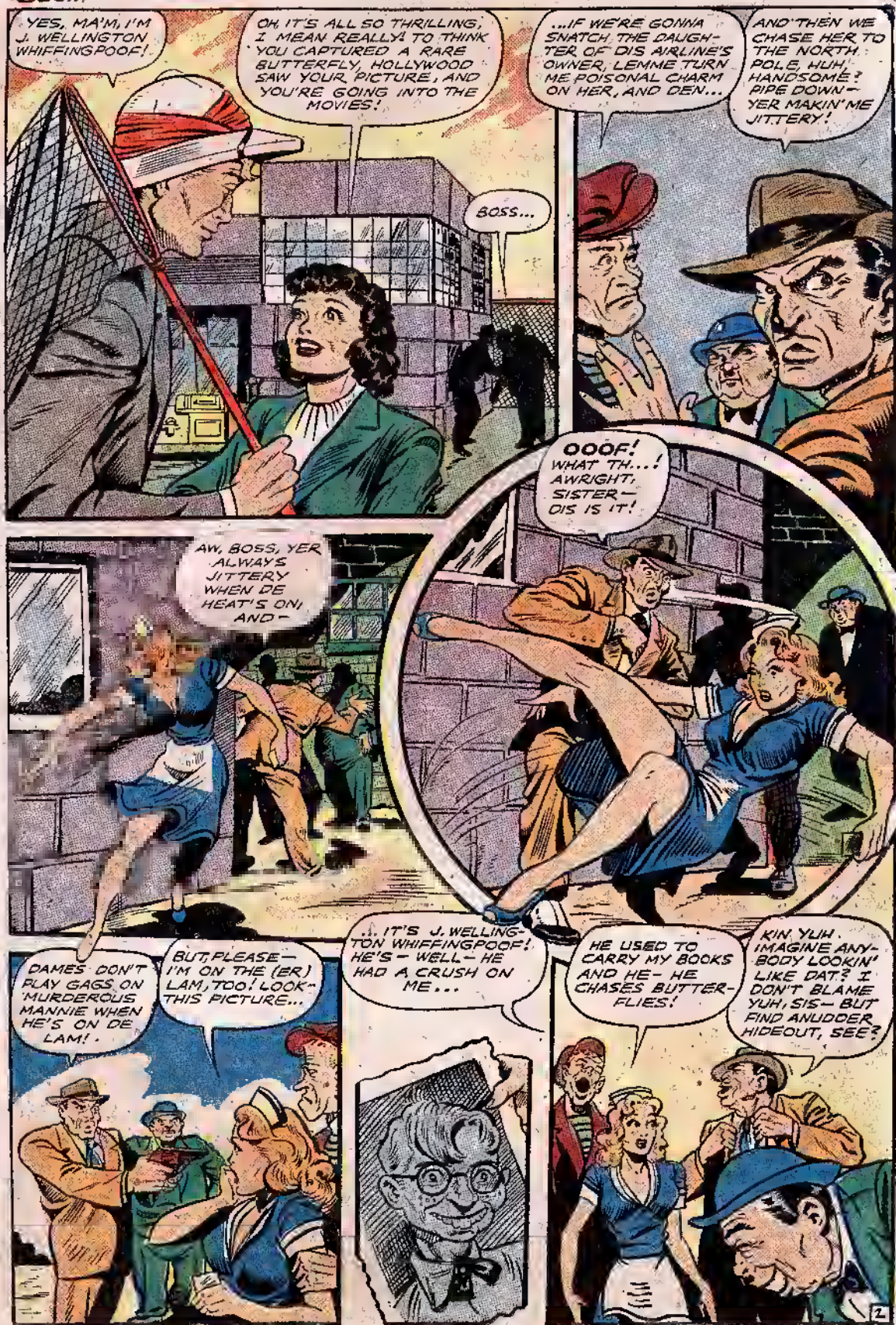
(SHHH!) DON'T  
TELL - PUL-LEESE!  
HE'LL FIND ME SURE,  
AND...

**GINGER  
MAGUIRE -**  
MISS GINGER  
MAGUIRE! YOU  
HAVE A VISITOR,  
MR. J. WELLINGTON  
WHIFFINGPOOF!

J. WELLINGTON  
WHIFFINGPOOF FROM  
WHISTLESTOP HIGH!  
THE MAN SHORTAGE  
MAY BE TOUGH - BUT  
IT'S NOT THAT TOUGH!









FATHER, PLEASE—I MEAN REALLY. JUST BECAUSE YOU OWN THIS AIRLINE AND HAVE SIMPLY SCADS OF MONEY, IS NO REASON THAT—

WE'RE HEADING IN, MR. PEMBROKE.

THANK YOU. NOW, NASTALTHIA, AS I WAS SAYING—IT JUST ISN'T SAFE FOR YOU TO—

**A**S BELOW...

J. WELLINGTON WILL CERTAINLY NEVER FIND ME HERE... OH, GOLLY—WHY COULDN'T HE BE LIKE THAT RUGGED HUNK, OF DREAMSTUFF? I COULD REALLY FALL FOR—

EEK! NO PUN INTENDED—I AM—LOOK OUT!

OOOF! TOO LATE! BUT I MEAN WHAT—I MEAN WHO?

GINGE! GINGER MAGUIRE!

YOU KNOW ME? THEN YOU MUST—YOU CAN'T BE J. WELLINGTON WHIFFINGPOOF?

OF COURSE, GINGE, I'M ON MY WAY TO HOLLYWOOD. BUT ARE YOU GOING TO A MASQUERADE?

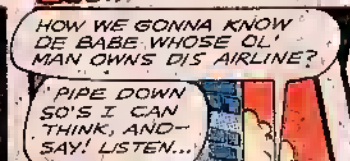
OOOH... HE—HE'LL FIND OUT I'M ONLY A WAITRESS... AND THEN HE—HE'LL...





WHAT IS IT—  
HAVE I  
CHANGED  
SINCE OUR  
DAYS AT  
WHISTLE-  
STOP HIGH?

NOT MUCH—  
GEE! A  
DREAMBOAT,  
AND I CAN'T  
HAVE HIM  
SAILING  
WITHOUT  
ME!



HOW WE GONNA KNOW  
DE BABE WHOSE OL'  
MAN OWNS DIS AIRLINE?

PIPE DOWN  
SO'S I CAN  
THINK, AND—  
SAY! LISTEN...

GIVE, GINGE—  
WHAT'S WITH  
THAT WAIT-  
RESS GET-UP?

WHY, REALLY,  
WELLINGTON,  
SINCE I'M LEARN-  
ING ABOUT AIR-  
LINES FROM THE  
GROUND UP, WELL  
I—

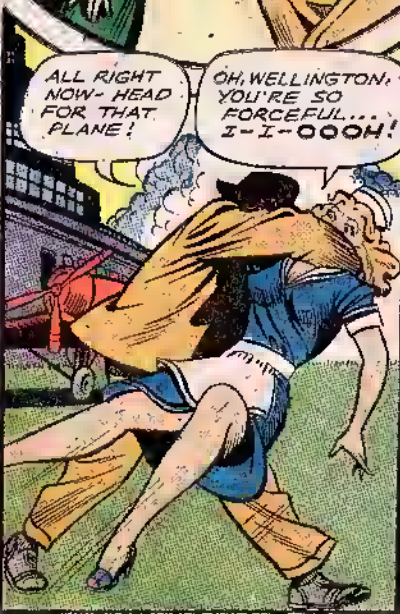
WHO ELSE  
WOULD BE  
LEARNING THE  
BUSINESS FROM  
THE GROUND UP?  
IT'S PEMBROKE'S  
DAUGHTER!

NO ET'ICST  
POSIN' AS A  
WAITRESS SO  
WE WOULDN'T  
SNATCH 'ER!  
LET'S GO!



DIS CHILLS  
DE FORTUNE-  
HUNTER!  
IMAGINE—  
GIVIN' DE  
BOSS'  
DAUGHTER  
A LINE!

QUICK—  
THE  
CHLORO-  
FORM!

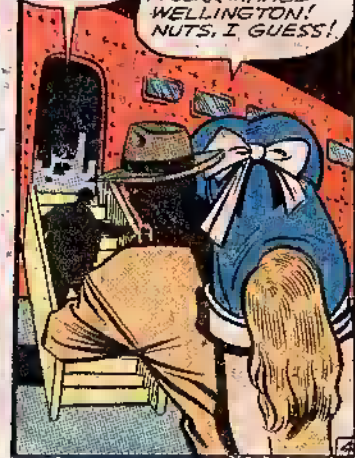


ALL RIGHT  
NOW— HEAD  
FOR THAT  
PLANE!

OH, WELLINGTON,  
YOU'RE SO  
FORCEFUL...  
I—I—OOOH!

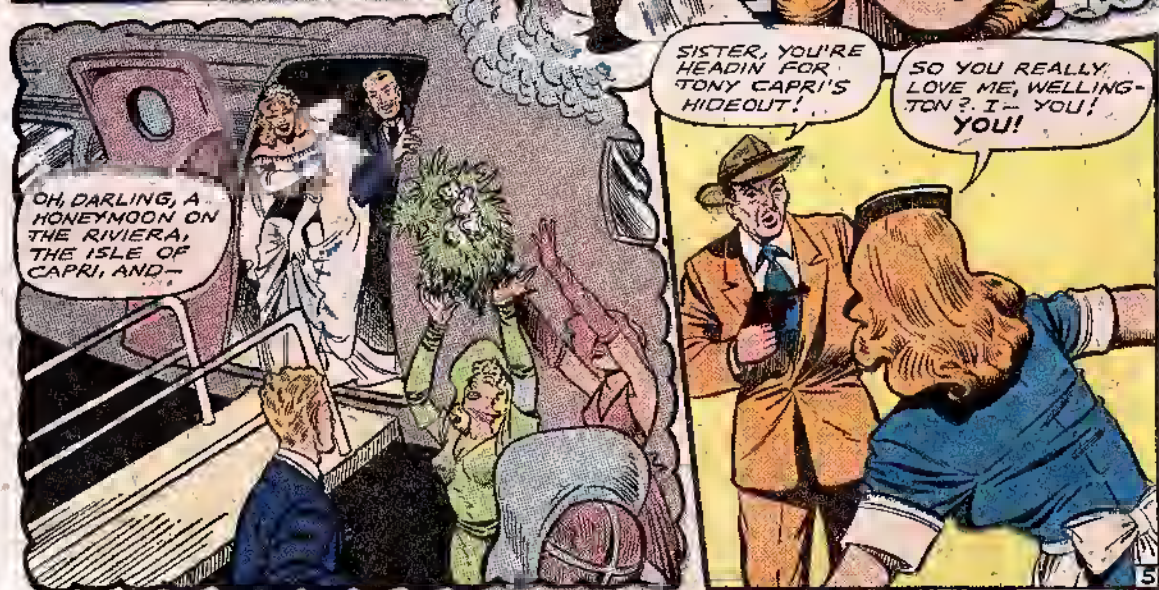
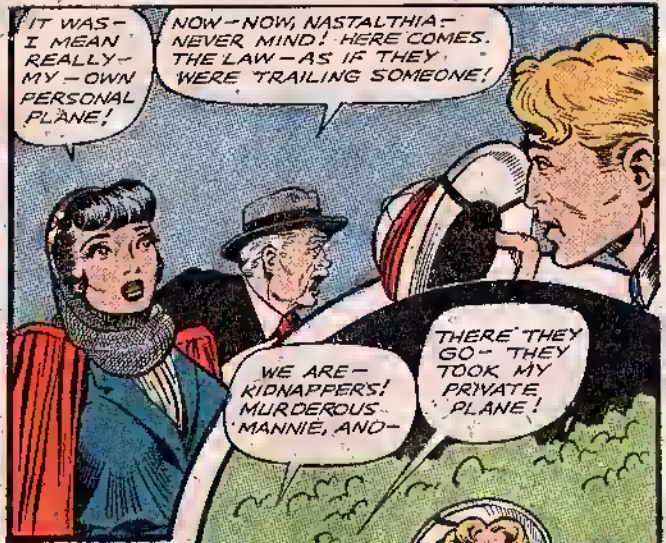
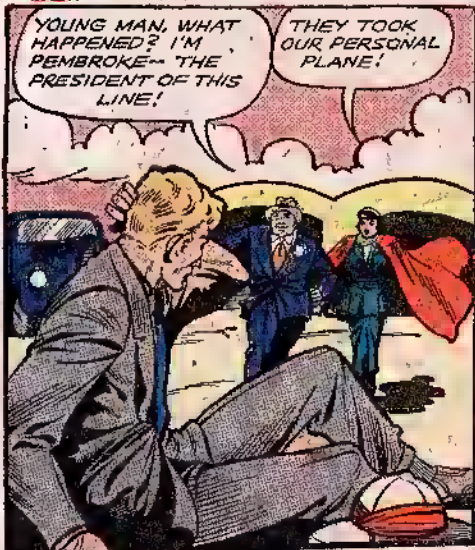
I'LL GET TH'  
ENGINES  
STARTED!  
WHAT'S SHE  
MUMBLING  
ABOUT?

SOMP'N ABOUT  
A JERK NAMED  
WELLINGTON!  
NUTS, I GUESS!

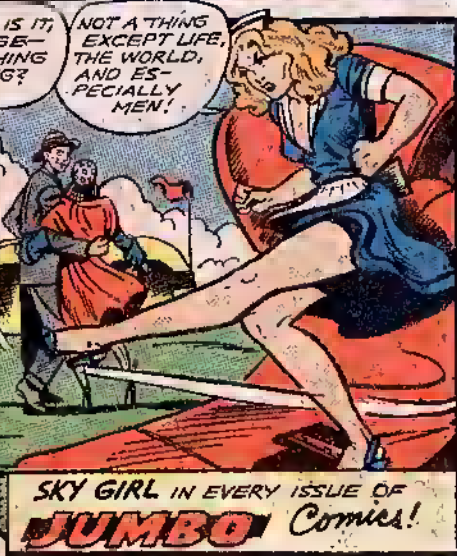
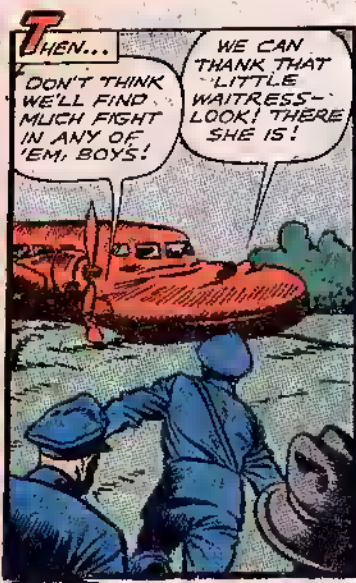




WHILE...







SKY GIRL IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 of Jumbo Comics, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Claude E. Lapham, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Jumbo Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Real Adventures Pub. Co., Inc., 670 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, Claude E. Lapham, 670 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.; Managing editor, J. F. Byrne, 670 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.; Business manager, T. T. Scott, 670 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (1) owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owner must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Real Adventures Pub. Co., Inc., 670 Fifth Avenue,

New York 19, N. Y.; J. G. Scott, 670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as a trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) CLAUDE E. LAPHAM, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1947.

(Signed) GEORGE G. SCHWENKE, Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1948.)



# Stuart TAYLOR

## WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

BY CURT CLAVIS

"SILENCE!" THE SUAVE, MANNERLY MUSEUM DIRECTOR CAUTIONED. "WE MUST HAVE DUE RESPECT FOR GREAT ART... (HARUMPH!)... LET'S SEE... YOU'VE SEEN OUR VELASQUEZ, THE VERMEER, EL GRECO... AH, YES, NOW SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL, VERY! THIS WAY PLEASE. . ."

"...WE JUST ACQUIRED IT, A VERY VALUABLE ORIGINAL. YOU RECOGNIZE IT, OF COURSE, MISS HAYWARD!"

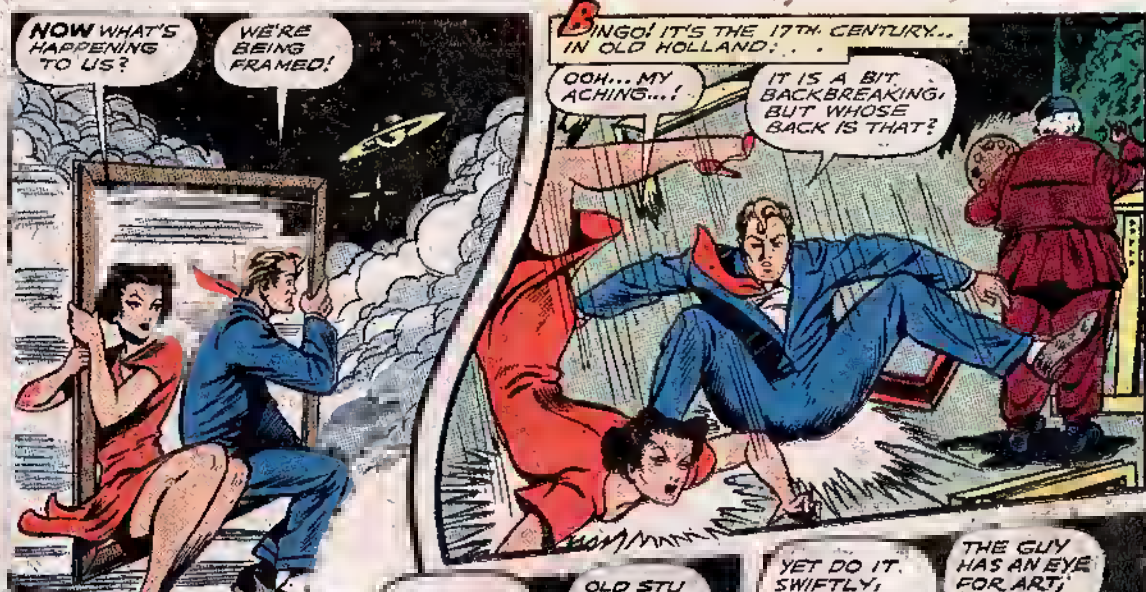
"OH... ER... OF COURSE!"

"I'M AFRAID, MONSIEUR DONNER, NEITHER LAURA NOR STU KNOW WHO PAINTED THE PICTURE, BUT THEY'RE GOING TO MEET HIM NOW!"

YES, WITH DOC HAYWARD'S TIME MACHINE IT'S SIMPLE TO MEET ANYONE... ANYWHERE... ANYTIME! AND SO...







**B**INGO! IT'S THE 17TH CENTURY...  
IN OLD HOLLAND:...

OOH... MY  
ACHING...!

IT IS A BIT  
BACKBREAKING,  
BUT WHOSE  
BACK IS THAT?



GOOD NIGHT!  
WHO'S OVER  
THERE?



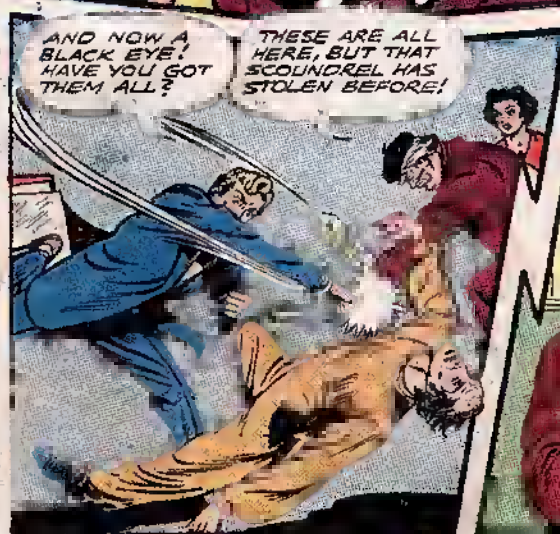
THAT THIEF  
AGAIN? CATCH HIM!  
QUICKLY!

OLD STU  
WILL SEE  
WHAT HE  
CAN DO!



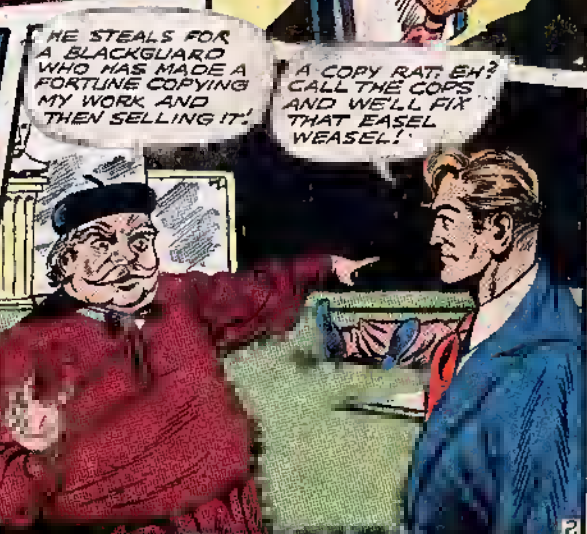
YET DO IT.  
SWIFTLY,  
HE'S STEALING  
MY BEST  
PAINTINGS!

THE GUY  
HAS AN EYE  
FOR ART,  
EH?



AND NOW A  
BLACK EYE!  
HAVE YOU GOT  
THEM ALL?

THESE ARE ALL  
HERE, BUT THAT  
SCOUNDREL HAS  
STOLEN BEFORE!



HE STEALS FOR  
A BLACKGUARD  
WHO HAS MADE A  
FORTUNE COPYING  
MY WORK AND  
THEN SELLING IT!

A COPY RAT, EH?  
CALL THE COPS  
AND WE'LL FIX  
THAT EASEL  
WEASEL!



MANY THANKS, STUART. AT LEAST SOME OF MY WORK HAS BEEN SAVED, AND I SEE MISS HAYWARD SEEMS TO BE ADMIRING IT.

YES, BUT I'M LOOKING FOR THE CASTLE SCENE WE SAW IN THE MUSEUM.

ALAS, THAT PICTURE WAS STOLEN LONG AGO BY THIS SAME SCOUNDREL!

WELL, WELL, LET'S SKIP TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AND SHOW THE MASTER HIS OWN MASTER-PIECE!

**A** QUICK REVERSE OF THE TIME MACHINE DIALS AND...

SOME WHIRL, EH, REM?

IT LEAVES ME BRUSH-LESS!

PLEASE! PLEASE! SUCH COMMOTION!

BUT WHY DO COMMOTIONS UPSET YOUR EMOTIONS, DONNER?

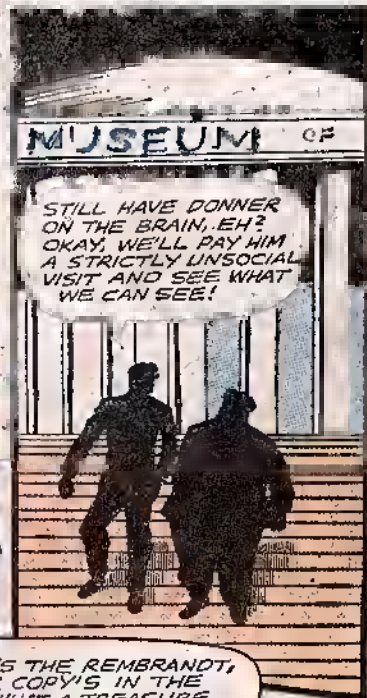
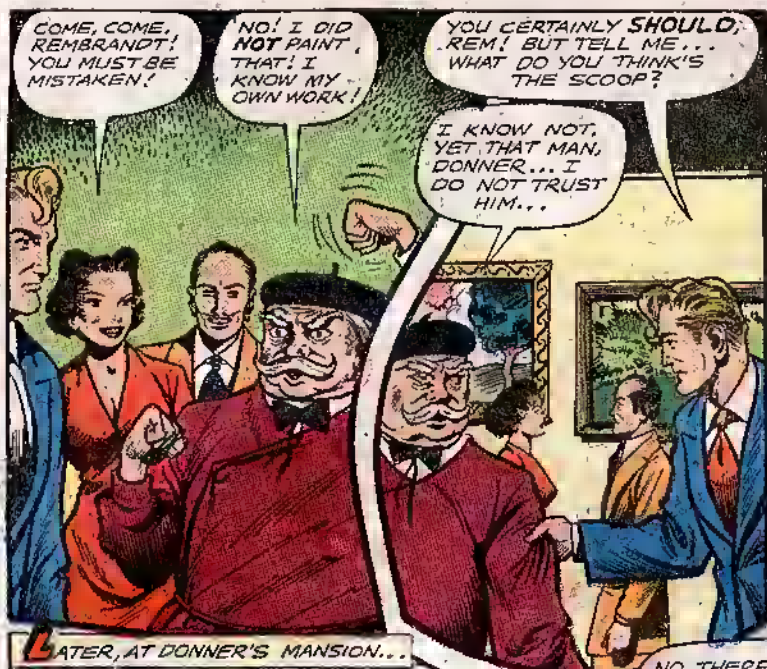
NO, IT UPSETS THE PAINTINGS! THIS REMBRANDT IT IS SO RARE...

...SO PRICELESS! YOU MUST BE CAREFUL!

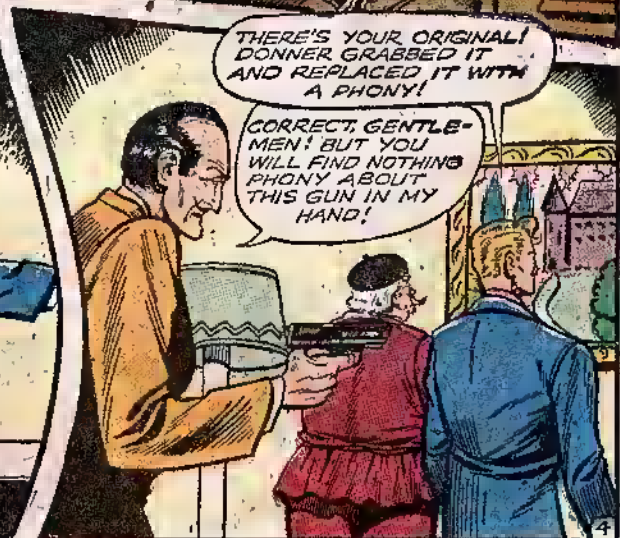
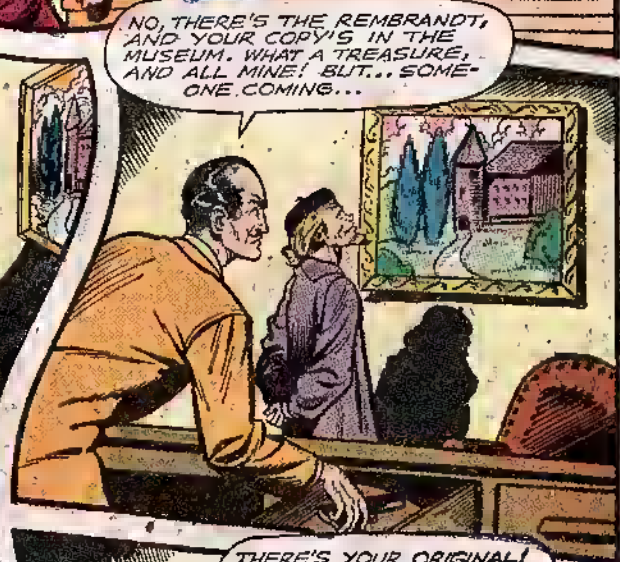
DONNER? WHERE HAVE I SEEN HIS FACE? AH! I KNOW... I KNOW!

I KNOW YOU WELL! YOU ARE A THIEF! A THIEF! IT IS YOU WHO STOLE MY PAINTINGS!

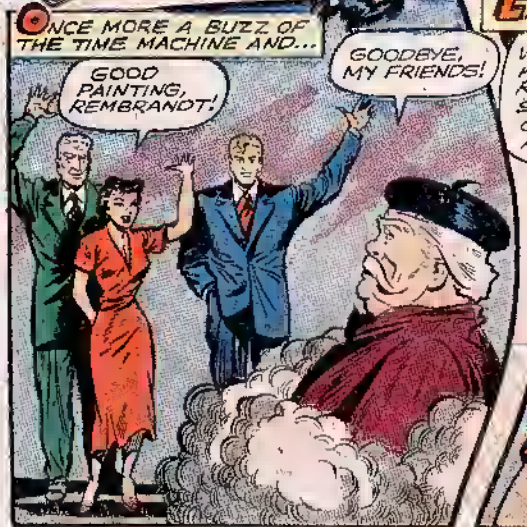
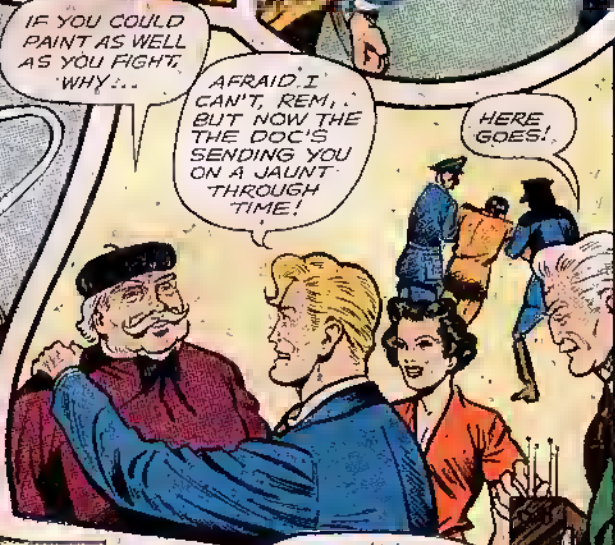
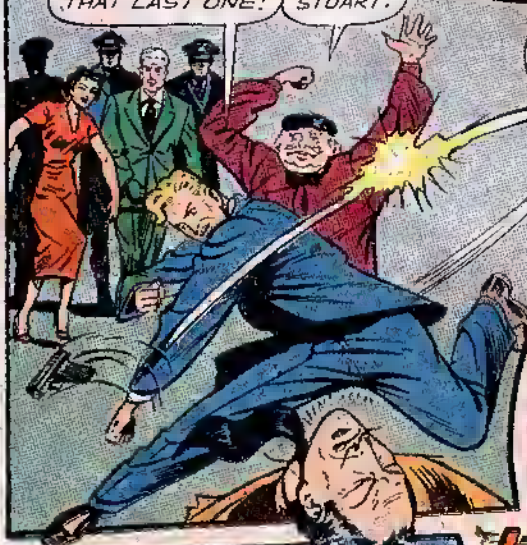
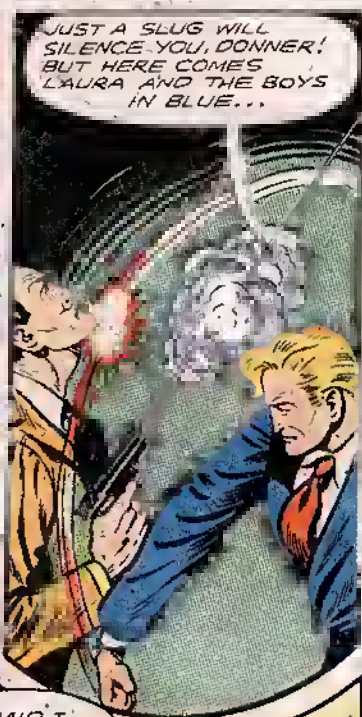
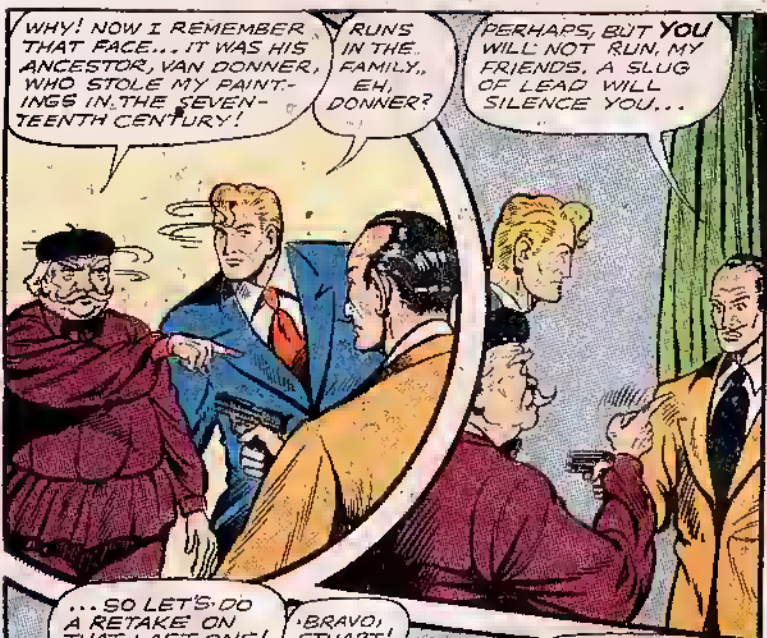




LATER, AT DONNER'S MANSION...









# TOP OF THE WORLD

By HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

A TALL figure stood amid a waste of snow and ice. The fur hood that covered the head and most of the face, the shaggy deerskin coat, fur mittens, trousers of polar-bear fur, and sealskin boots gave him the aspect of some wild Arctic creature. But the snowshoes and the ice lance in his hand proclaimed him master of the beasts.

The temperature was 50° below zero. A fierce east wind howled past him, making him bend sideways as he turned to catch a last glimpse of the high bluff which reared itself behind him, a dim blot in the blankness of driving snow.

The man was Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. N. For the eighth time he was attempting a task which had baffled the hardiest explorers of all nations for nearly four hundred years. After twenty-three years of Arctic work, after repeated failure, at an age considered too great for such terrific hardships, he was setting out on his final, supreme effort to reach the North Pole. "It was win this time or be forever defeated."

The leader planned five marches of twenty-five miles each, the last to end by noon of the fifth day for the sake of observations. If necessary the final spurt could be made by one or two men with light sledge and double team. He had kept men who had been proved time and again. Ooh-queah, a boy of twenty, was on his first trip; but he was aflame with eagerness, for he was thinking of the treasures promised each man who went to the end—whale-boat, rifle, shotgun, knives and so on—which were to win his wife for him, the pretty daughter of old Ilkwa of Cape York. None of these would fail. It was now supremely "up to" Peary himself; if he played out, "they would stop like a car with a punctured tire."

They started on this final dash.

"As I climbed the pressure ridge back of our igloo I took up another hole in my belt, the third since I left the land—thirty-two days before. Every man and dog was

as lean and flat-bellied as a board, and as hard."

It was the 2nd of April, clear and sunlit. They were in the region of perpetual daylight, where the sun never set, and camping time was indicated by watch or fatigue only. The patches of sapphire blue ice showed the pools of the preceding summer. Elated by their success thus far, excited over the prospect, they thought little of fifty-foot pressure ridges, of involuntary plunges into overflow water, of passages where men and urged dogs leaped from one floating ice-cake to another, each balancing his clumsy craft that it might not tilt the sledge overboard.

They saw the pallid moon circle round the heavens facing the sun, "a disk of silver opposite a disk of gold," and knew that this friend of the long night months was now an enemy whose waxing force would rouse the sleeping tides to dreaded breaking-up of ice-fields.

Travelling for ten hours straight, and taking up another hold in his belt, Peary held on.

They took hair-raising chances crossing new ice; for "a man who should wait for the ice to be really safe would stand small chance of getting far in these latitudes." Their faces cracked open before the wind; for the first time the Eskimos complained of the cold on their noses; the air was "keen and bitter as frozen steel"; they knew that even if successful they might well find an end in this Polar void and the world be none the wiser for their exploit.

But drawn irresistibly by their nearing goal, they pressed forward so swiftly that they averaged twenty-six miles on those last five marches.

At ten o'clock on April 6th observations showed their camp to be at 89° 57'.

"Yet with the Pole actually in sight, I was too weary to take the last few steps. The accumulated weariness of all those days and nights of forced marches and insufficient



sleep, constant peril and anxiety, seemed to roll across me all at once. I was actually too exhausted to realize at the moment that my life's purpose had been achieved."

They ate and slept. A few hours later Peary went forward ten miles. At "midnight" he took fresh observations.

He found that in these few hours he had passed from the western to the eastern hemisphere! Travelling straight ahead, north had turned to south! The Pole lay behind.

A careful series of thirteen observations determined the location of the long-sought 90°, as accurately as might be (probably within from one to five miles)—and he crossed and recrossed a ten-mile area to make his achievement secure.

On this spot there was no more north or east or west. The world lay south. All winds, however bitter, were south winds. One day and one night here made up a year—a hundred such a century. Never did humanity approach so close to that ineffable figure of the Psalmist: "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday, seeing that is past as a watch in the night."

Here beneath Polaris in the zenith they heaped a pile of snow-blocks, and planted the Stars and Stripes—a silk flag carried by the explorer for fifteen years—along with the colors of his college fraternity, the ensign of the Liberty and Peace, and the flags of the Navy League and Red Cross.

Here he wrote a post-card to his wife, which finally reached her at Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Here he deposited in a bottle a record of his deed and the following notice:

"90° N. Lat., North Pole, April 6, 1909. I have today hoisted the national ensign of the United States of America at this place, which my observations indicate to be the North Polar axis of the earth, and have formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of the President of the United States of America.

I leave this record and the United States flag in possession. Robert E. Peary, United States Navy."

The deed was done, after four hundred years.

Done by an American officer, in a ship of American timber from an American shipyard, with even supplies of American manufacture. Captain and crew were Newfoundlanders, and they as well as the Eskimo might well stand as first cousins, at least.

The man who had done it had for years ceased to think of himself save as an instrument for this special purpose. Defeated time and again, he had wrested the earth's greatest mystery from its icy grip. The last of the great adventure stories was told.

That thirty hours at the Pole was well worth the quarter-century of hardships to Robert E. Peary. No wonder that his mental exaltation made rest impossible after the first desperate fatigue had been drowned in a few hours' sleep.

For his dream had become a reality.

The long four-hundred-mile trip back still lay between the adventurers and safety. They tarried the nearest spot where they could chop through the ice to take soundings—getting one thousand five hundred fathoms without reaching bottom.

Then they set out to retrace their dangerous route.

It seemed as if the defeated polar powers of darkness had given up the fight; for while the journey up had taken thirty-seven days, it was only sixteen after leaving 90° North when they were hoisting the sledges over the almost vertical edge of the glacial fringe, with Cape Columbia only an hour away.

The Eskimos went wild, yelling and calling and dancing about till they fell in the snow from sheer exhaustion.

As sturdy Ootah, oldest of the four, sank down on his sledge, he voiced their relief:

"The ice devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife, or we should never come back so easily."

Honors and medals poured in upon the gallant explorer from every civilized nation.

But I fancy no experience of his life could ever equal those first moments when he stood at the "top of the world," and could look nowhere but south.



# The Hawk

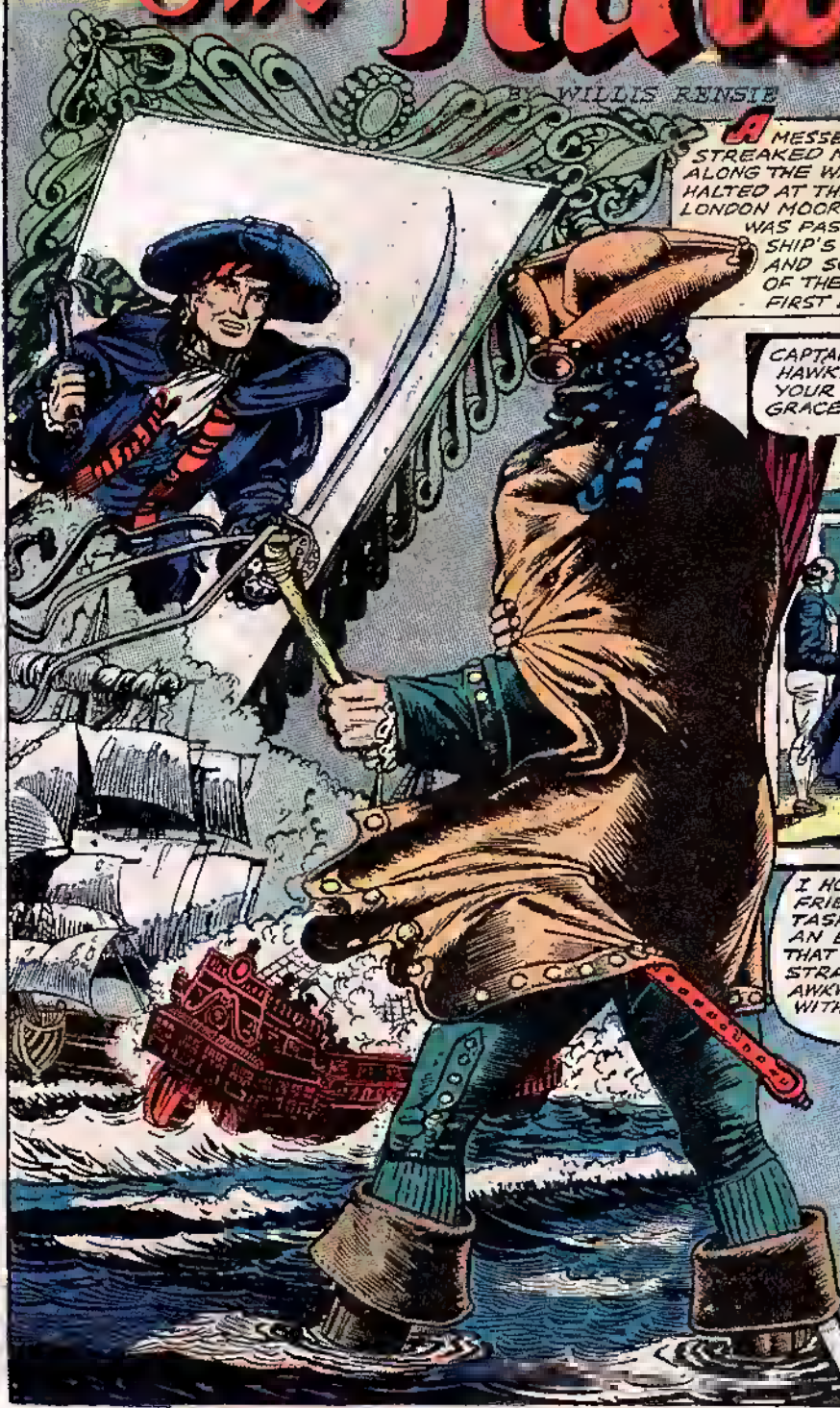
BY WILLIS RENSIE

**A** MESSENGER'S SWEAT-STREAKED MOUNT FLASHED ALONG THE WATERFRONT AND HALTED AT THE LADY SCARLETT'S LONDON MOORING. QUICKLY, A NOTE WAS PASSED TO THE GOOD SHIP'S VALIANT MASTER, AND SOON IN THE OFFICE OF THE ADMIRALTY'S FIRST LORD...

CAPTAIN HAWK, YOUR GRACE.

YOUR MESSAGE TOLD THAT I MIGHT BE OF SERVICE, LORD HASTINGS.

I HOPE SO, HAWK, OLD FRIEND, THOUGH THE TASK SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE. AN EVENT HAS OCCURRED THAT PLACES FURTHER STRAIN ON OUR ALREADY AWKWARD RELATIONS WITH THE ACCURSED DON..





"T'WAS BUT A FORTNIGHT GONE, THAT CAPTAIN BROOKE PERMITTED A STRANGE VESSEL ALONGSIDE HIS MERCHANT, THE 'GOLDEN PORPOISE'..."

AHOY! IS IT FER A NOGGIN' O' ALE YE'D COME ABOARD?



DOG OF AN ENGLISHMAN! 'TIS IN THE NAME OF DON ESTEBAN ORUETAS I BOARD THIS PIG-STY!

DON MANUELE! YONDER IS ITS MASTER!



LAY DOWN YER WEAPONS, MATES! TH' DOGS ARE TOO MANY!

AH—IT IS WISE! SUCH WISDOM SHALL BE USEFUL IN REPAIRING SHIPS OF THE KING OF SPAIN! NOW, MY FRIENDS—LET US BE OFF!



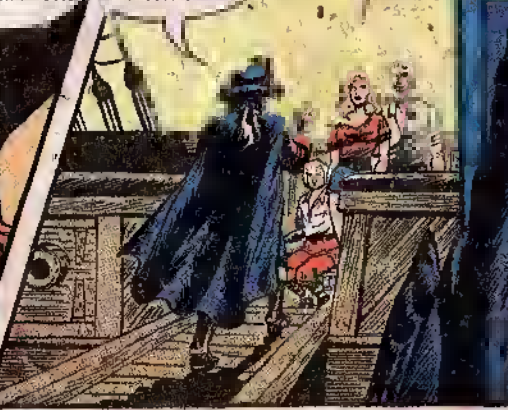
WHERE THOSE MEN WERE TAKEN, I KNOW NOT, HAWK, THOUGH 'TIS SAID ESTEBAN ORUETAS HAS A REPAIR BASE ON AFRICA'S NORTH SHORE.

THEN TO THE DARK CONTINENT I'LL SAIL, SIR, THE LADY SCARLETT IS READY...

SOON...

LOOK ALIVE, CALEB, MATE SEE 'TH' OL' LADY'S DRESSED IN WHITE!

METHUSALAH! SO WE'RE SETTIN' SAIL AT LAST, SKIPPER! WHERE AWAY?



AFRICA, VELVET, LASS! AN 'T'WILL BE A DANGEROUS VOYAGE IF WE FIND A CERTAIN NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK!





**W**HILE FAR  
AHEAD ON  
THE DARK  
CONTINENT'S  
DESERT  
COAST...  
THE ABOOE  
OF DON  
ESTEBAN  
ORUETAS,  
TRUSTED  
SERVANT  
OF THE  
SPANISH  
KING AND—  
SATAN  
HIMSELF!

ONCE MORE  
DOES DON  
MANUELE  
SEEK ENGLISH  
SLAVES TO  
DO MY  
BIDDING, LITTLE—

HOLD,  
SEÑOR!  
ONE  
COMES...

THOSE  
SWINE OF  
SERVANTS!

THESE LOWLY  
ONES BUT  
BRING THEE  
WINE, O  
EXALTED—

NO-NO!  
A-R-G-H...

HAVE I NOT  
SAID NOT TO  
DISTURB ME?  
A TASTE OF  
THE WHIP THE  
OTHER GETS!

NO, MASTER—  
NO! ALLAH  
HAVE MERCY—  
A-A-A-A—

BY KIDD'S BONES—  
LISTEN, CAP'N  
BROOKE! THAT  
BLOOD-CRAVIN'  
BILGE RAT'S AT  
IT AGAIN!

MY BROTHER'S DEATH;  
SCARS OF MY OWN  
FLESH—THINGS THAT  
SHALL BE AVENGED,  
UNBELIEVER! BY THE  
PROPHET—I SWEAR  
IT!



**N**IGHT FALLS... AND AT  
SEA, MILES AWAY...

A SLIM  
CHANCE.  
WE HAS  
O' FINDIN'  
TH' DON'S  
BASE,  
CAP'N  
HAWK.

TRUE, JEREMY.  
LOOK YONDER,  
FLUTH-DISTRESS  
FLARES! A  
REQUEST FOR  
WATER!

AYE, SIR, AN'  
FROM NEAR  
TOO! TH'  
TUB'LL BE  
ALONG SOON  
ENOUGH!

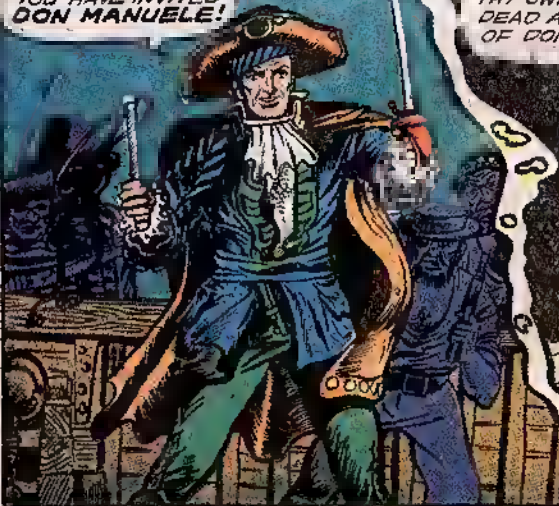
AHOY! SEEN YER  
SIGNALS WE DID!  
WE KIN SPARE A  
BRACE O' CASKS!  
COME ABOARD!



ENGLISH FOOLS!  
ONTO YOUR SHIP,  
YOU HAVE INVITED  
DON MANUELE!

EL RASCHIO, O MIGHTY  
SHEIK... MY BROTHER,  
THY OWN COUSIN, IS  
DEAD AT THE HANDS  
OF DON ESTEBAN!

BY THE  
PROPHET'S  
BEARD - HIS  
DEATH SHALL  
NOT GO UN-  
PUNISHED!  
LIGHT THE  
SIGNAL  
FIRES!

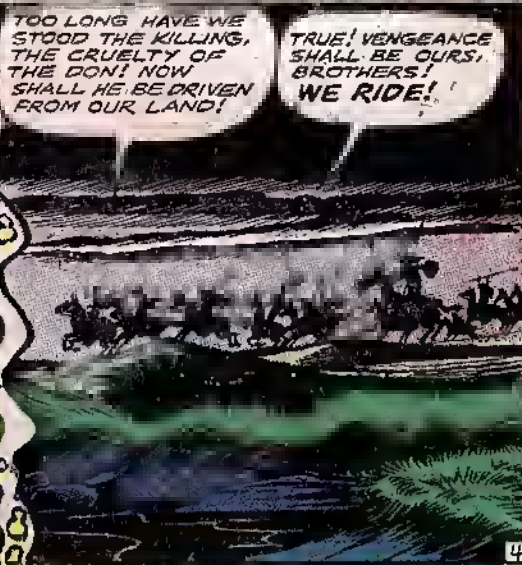
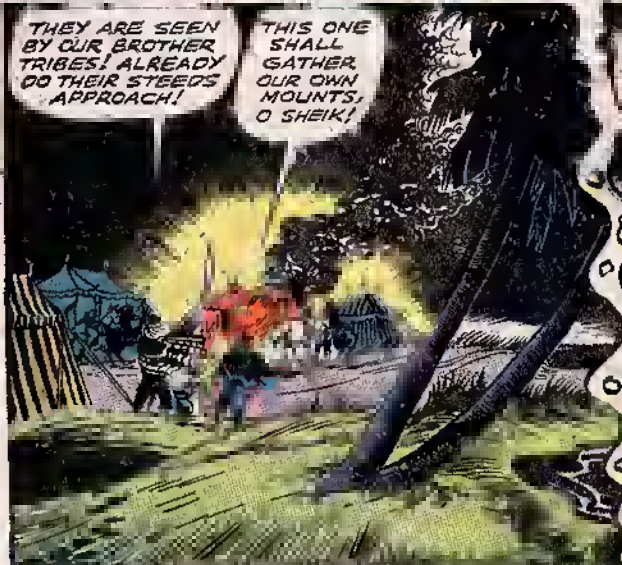


THEY ARE SEEN  
BY OUR BROTHER  
TRIBES! ALREADY  
DO THEIR STEEDS  
APPROACH!

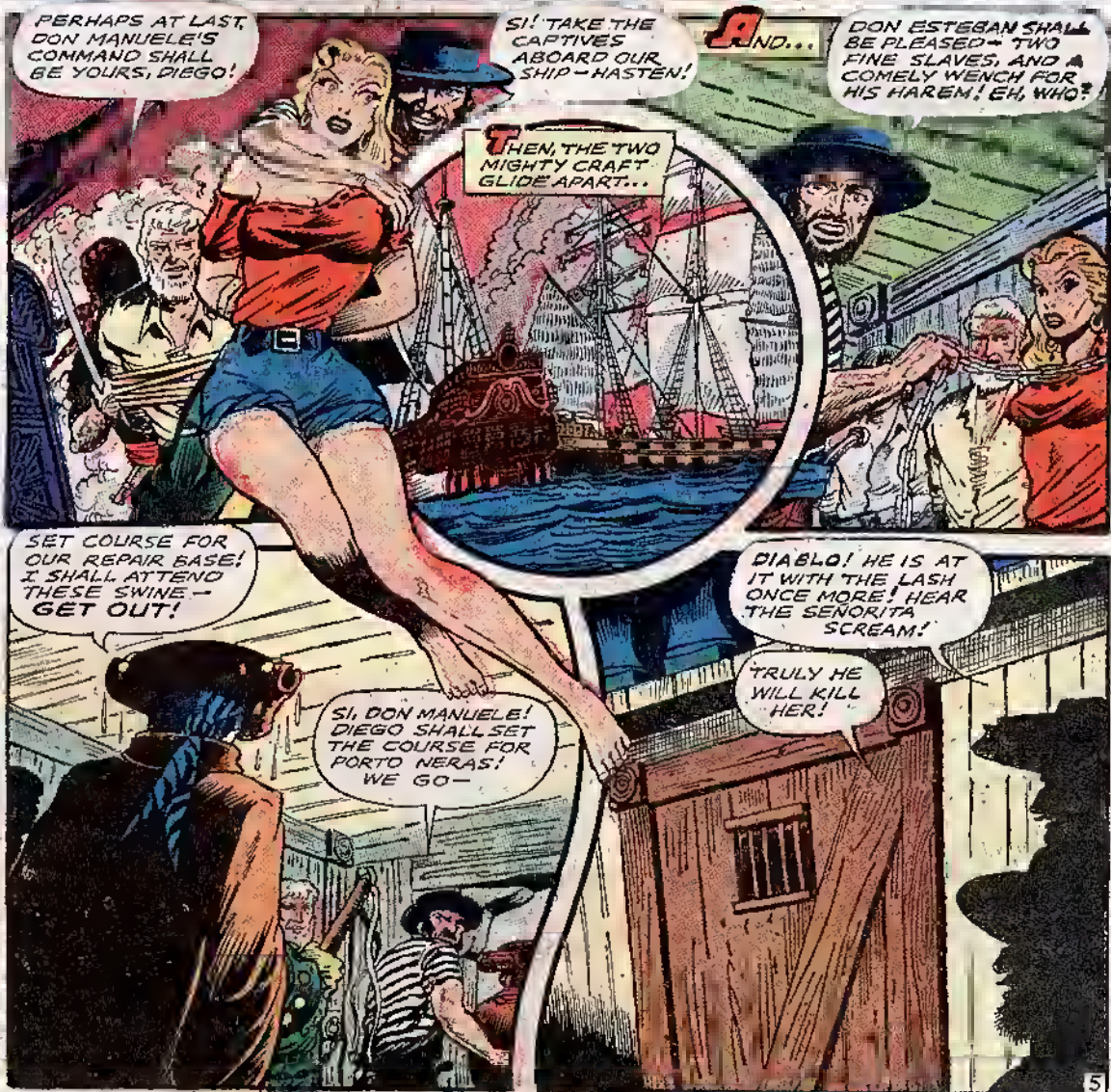
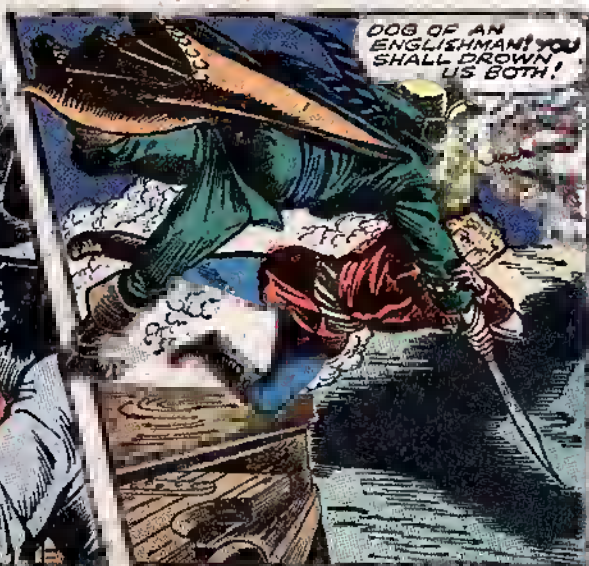
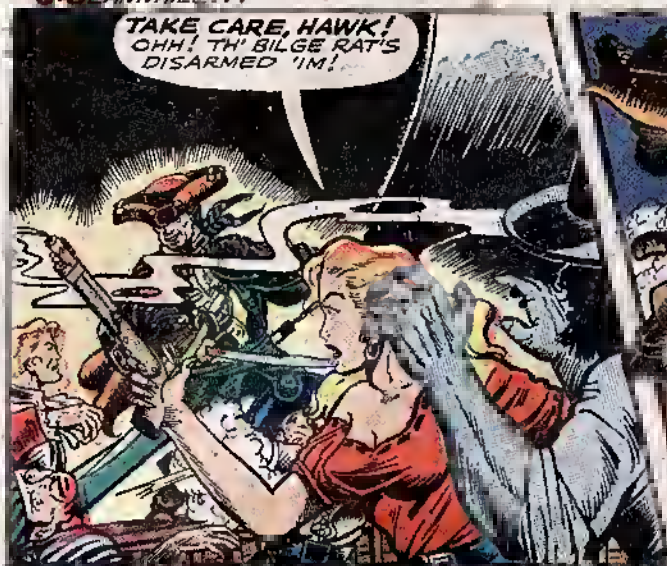
THIS ONE  
SHALL  
GATHER  
OUR OWN  
MOUNTS,  
O SHEIK!

TOO LONG HAVE WE  
STOOD THE KILLING,  
THE CRUELTY OF  
THE DON! NOW  
SHALL HE BE DRIVEN  
FROM OUR LAND!

TRUE! VENGEANCE  
SHALL BE OURS,  
BROTHERS!  
WE RIDE!







SI! TAKE THE  
CAPTIVES  
ABOARD OUR  
SHIP - HASTEN!

**A**ND...

DON ESTEBAN SHALL  
BE PLEASED - TWO  
FINE SLAVES, AND A  
COMELY WENCH FOR  
HIS HAREM! EH, WHO?

**T**HEN, THE TWO  
MIGHTY CRAFT  
GLIDE APART...

SET COURSE FOR  
OUR REPAIR BASE!  
I SHALL ATTEND  
THESE SWINE—  
GET OUT!

DIABLO! HE IS AT  
IT WITH THE LASH  
ONCE MORE! HEAR  
THE SENORITA  
SCREAM!

TRULY HE  
WILL KILL  
HER!

SI, DON MANUELE!  
DIEGO SHALL SET  
THE COURSE FOR  
PORTO NERAS!  
WE GO—



LATER...



FLUTH, FLUTH!  
WE THOUGHT  
'TAS TH'  
SKIPPER - 'TIS  
ONE O' THEM  
DON BILGE  
RATS!

THOUGH  
YOUR  
PRISONER,  
I, DON  
MANUELE,  
DEMAND  
RESPECT-

RESPECT, YE  
SWEEPIN'! I'LL  
SHAKE YER  
TEETH OUT  
LEST YE TELL  
WHERE YER  
SHIP TAKES  
ITS CAPTIVES!

SPEAK UP - WHERE  
WOULD THAT TUB  
TAKE TH' HAWK?

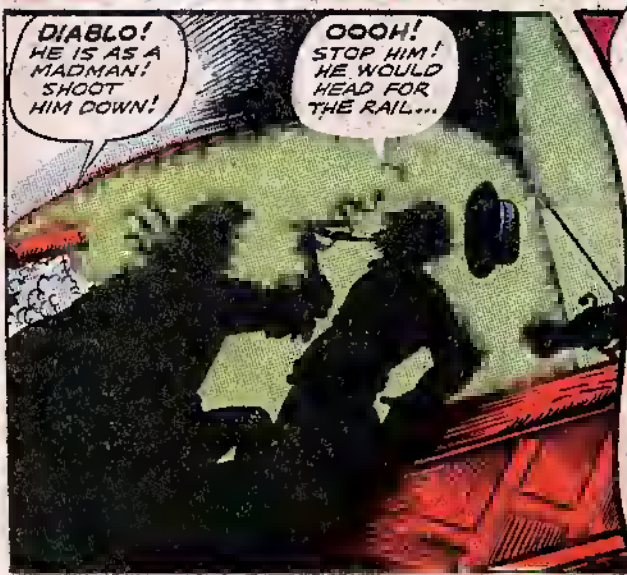
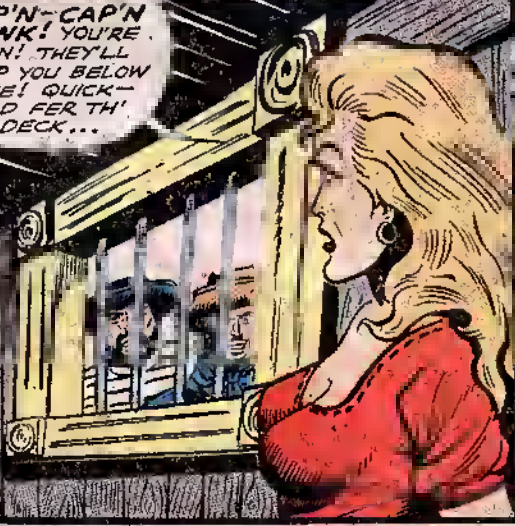
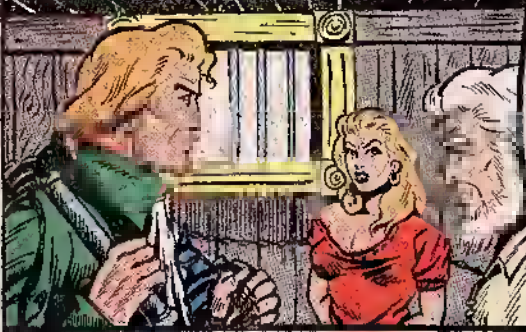
I - I  
SHALL  
TELL... SO  
IT WAS THE  
HAWK WHO  
TOOK DON  
MANUELE'S  
CLOTHING...

MEANTIME...

NO NEED TO SCREAM  
NOW, VELVET - THOSE  
TWO SHOULD BE OUT  
OF HEARING. WELL,  
CALEB, AT LAST WE  
KNOW WHERE CAP'N  
BROOKE WAS TAKEN.

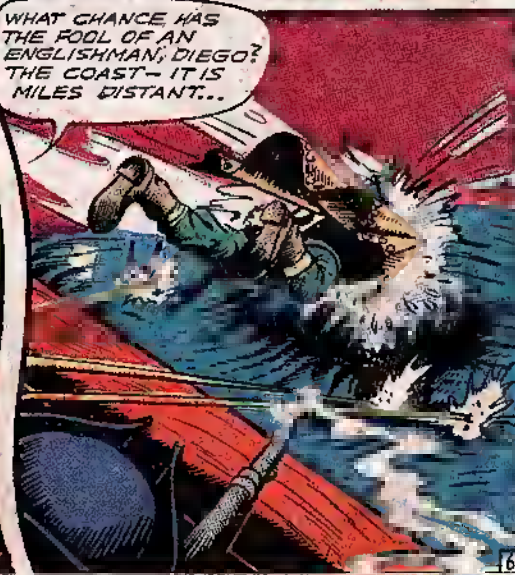
AYE, SIR, HEARD  
'EM SAY PORTO  
NERAS, I DID.  
BUT YER DISGUISE  
WILL NOT HOLD  
FER LONG, AND-

CAP'N - CAP'N  
HAWK! YOU'RE  
SEEN! THEY'LL  
TRAP YOU BELOW  
HERE! QUICK -  
HEAD FER TH'  
DECK...



DIABLO!  
HE IS AS A  
MADMAN!  
SHOOT  
HIM DOWN!

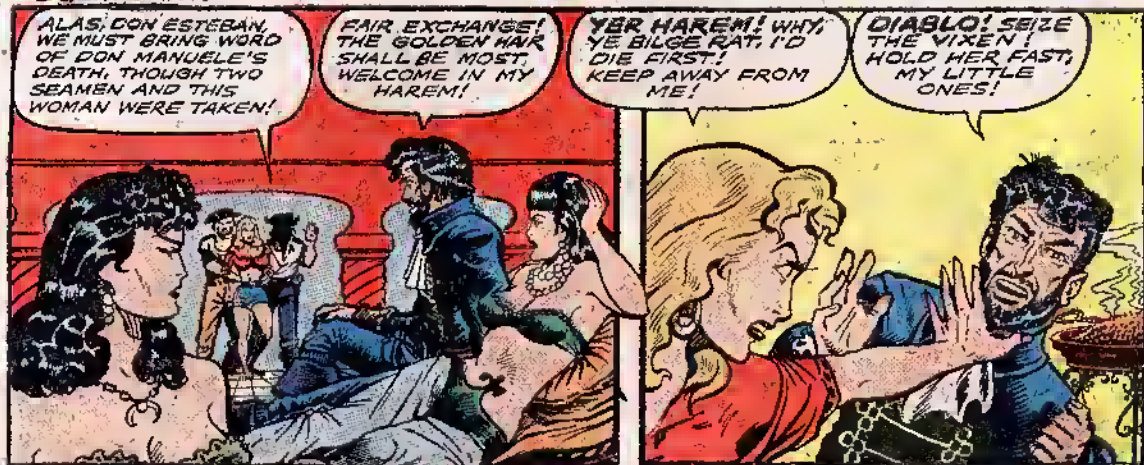
OOOH!  
STOP HIM!  
HE WOULD  
HEAD FOR  
THE RAIL...



WHAT CHANCE HAS  
THE FOOL OF AN  
ENGLISHMAN, DIEGO?  
THE COAST - IT IS  
MILES DISTANT...



**N**EXT DAY...

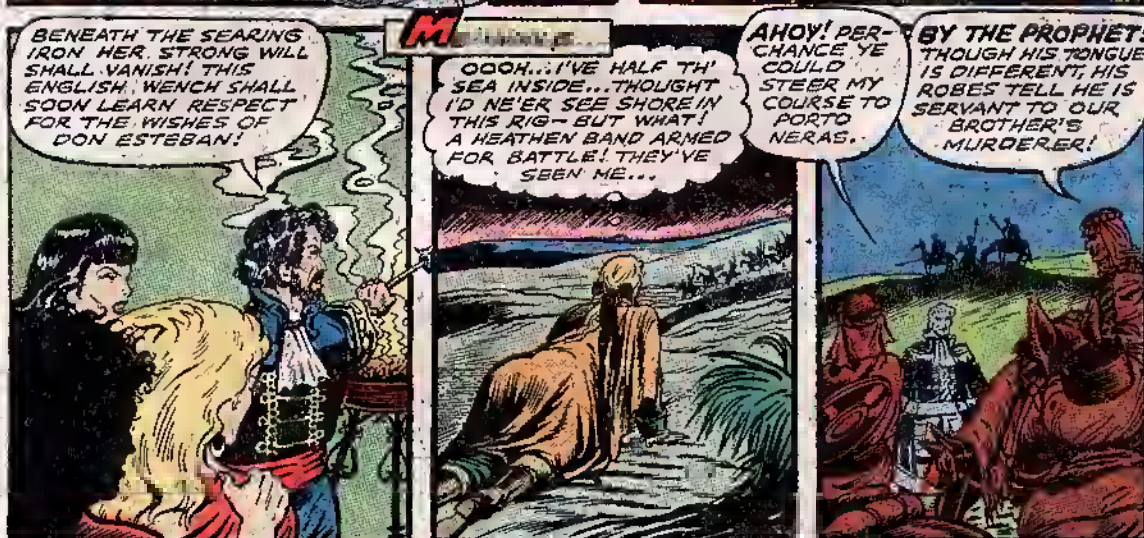


ALAS, DON ESTEBAN, WE MUST BRING WORD OF DON MANUELE'S DEATH, THOUGH TWO SEAMEN AND THIS WOMAN WERE TAKEN!

FAIR EXCHANGE! THE GOLDEN HAIR SHALL BE MOST WELCOME IN MY HAREM!

YER HAREM! WHY, YE BILGE RAT, I'D DIE FIRST! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

DIABLO! SEIZE THE VIXEN! HOLD HER FAST, MY LITTLE ONES!

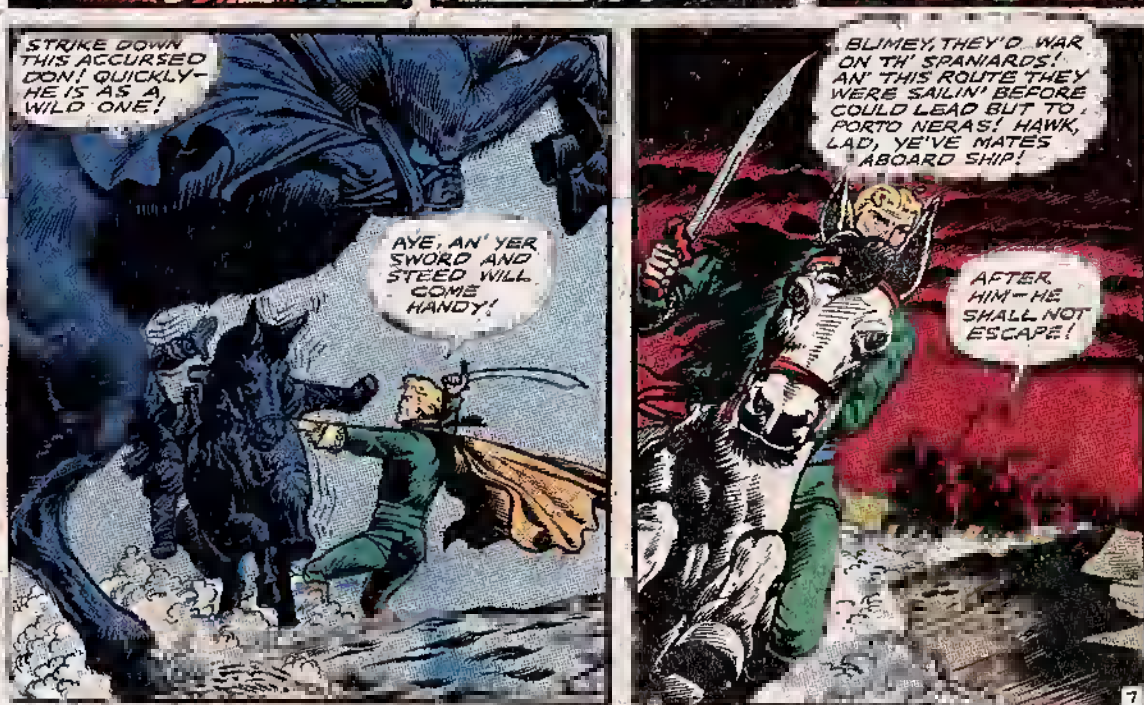


BENEATH THE SEARING IRON HER STRONG WILL SHALL VANISH! THIS ENGLISH WENCH SHALL SOON LEARN RESPECT FOR THE WISHES OF DON ESTEBAN!

OOOH... I'VE HALF TH' SEA INSIDE... THOUGHT I'D NE'ER SEE SHORE IN THIS RIG- BUT WHAT! A HEATHEN BAND ARMED FOR BATTLE! THEY'VE SEEN ME...

AHOY! PER-CHANCE YE COULD STEER MY COURSE TO PORTO NERAS..

BY THE PROPHET! THOUGH HIS TONGUE IS DIFFERENT, HIS ROBES TELL HE IS SERVANT TO OUR BROTHER'S MURDERER!



STRIKE DOWN THIS ACCURSED DON! QUICKLY- HE IS AS A WILD ONE!

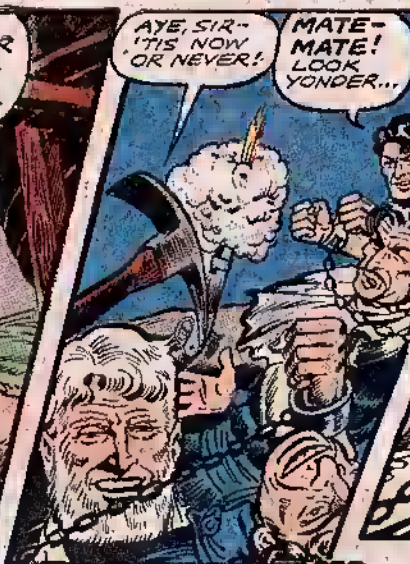
AYE, AN' YER SWORD AND STEED WILL COME HANDY!

BLIMEY, THEY'D WAR ON TH' SPANIARDS! AN' THIS ROUTE THEY WERE SAILIN' BEFORE COULD LEAD BUT TO PORTO NERAS! HAWK, LAD, YE'VE MATES ABOARD SHIP!

AFTER HIM- HE SHALL NOT ESCAPE!

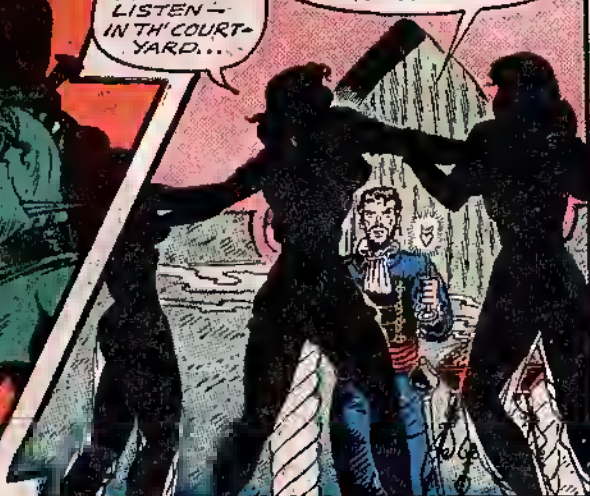


**SWIFT MOMENTS LATER...**



**W**HILE...  
NO-NO,  
PLEASE!  
LISTEN-  
IN TH' COURT-  
YARD...

THE TUMULT IS HEARD,  
FILTHY WENCH, BUT  
NOTHING SHALL DELAY  
YOUR PUNISHMENT!  
NOW...





**A**S, OFFSHORE...

WOT KIN IT?  
MEAN, FLUTH?  
PORTO NERAS,  
BUT LOOK  
YONDER...

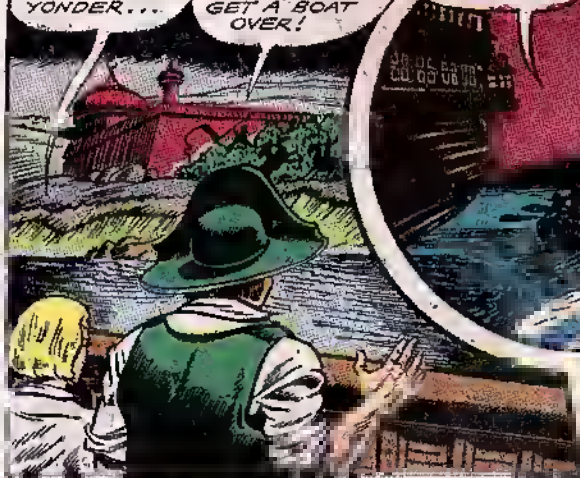
OUR CHANCE  
TO SLIP ASHORE,  
JEREMY! AHOY,  
YE LUBBERS—  
GET A BOAT  
OVER!

FLUTH, LAD—  
O' YE THINK  
WE'LL FIND  
TH' HAWK?

I KNOW,  
NOT, OLD  
TAR—WE  
KIN BUT  
HOPE!

**M**EANWHILE...

'TIS NO FIGHT IN THESE  
FRIENDS O' HIS, HAWK!

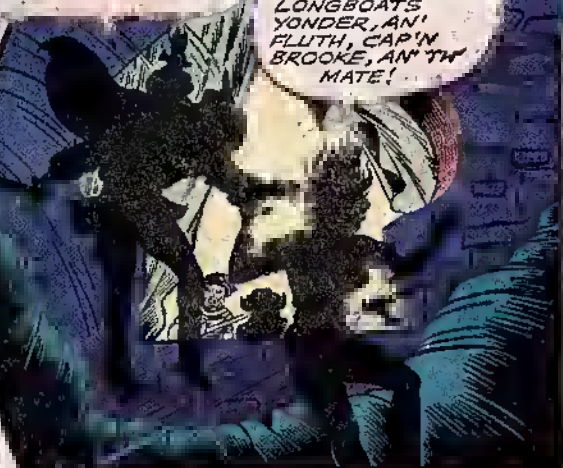
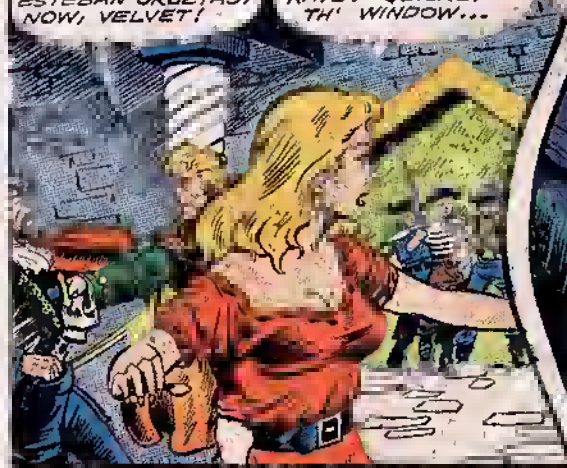


NAY, NOR IN THIS  
BARNACLE, DON  
ESTEBAN ORUETAS,  
NOW, VELVET!

AVAST, SKIPPER—  
MORE O' TH' BILGE  
RATS! QUICKLY—  
TH' WINDOW...

METHUSALAH!  
'TIS RED IN BLOOD  
TH' COURTYARD BE!

AYE, BUT, CAP'N—  
CAST AN EYE!  
LONGBOATS  
YONDER, AN'  
FLUTH, CAP'N  
BROOKE, AN' TH'  
MATE!

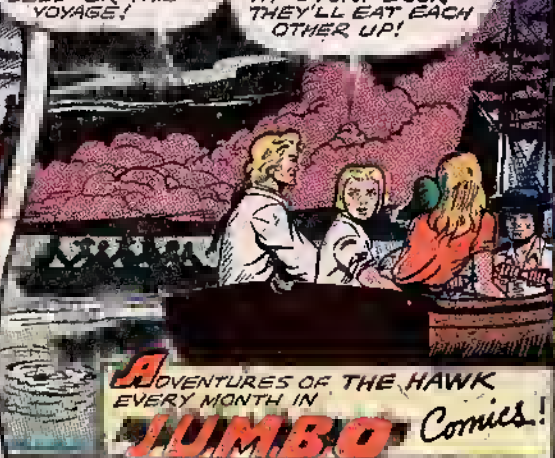


AHOY, YE LUBBERS—  
LOOK ALIVE! O' YE  
THINK TH' LADY  
SCARLETT WAITS  
ON SLUGGARDS?

SAVE YER WIND  
FER THE OARS,  
CALEB, OLD TAR!  
CAST OFF!

BY KIDD'S BONES—  
LORD HASTINGS  
WILL NOT BELIEVE  
OUR LOG WHEN HE  
SEES 'ER THIS  
VOYAGE!

LOOK YONDER, CAP'N  
HAWK—STILL AT IT  
THEM DEVILS BE!  
LIKE TH' YARN IN  
TH' STORY BOOK—  
THEY'LL EAT EACH  
OTHER UP!



**A**DVENTURES OF THE HAWK  
EVERY MONTH IN  
**JUMBO** Comics!



# THE GHOST GALLERY

BY DREW  
MURDOCH

L'OFFICE DE SURETE  
PARIS, FRANCE.

MONSIEUR MURDOCH:  
AIMEE DURAND, A  
JUVENILE ACTRESS, HAS  
RECENTLY SIGNED A CON-  
TRACT WITH HOLLYWOOD  
AND MAY BE EXPECTED  
SHORTLY TO ENTER YOUR  
COUNTRY, BECAUSE OF YOUR  
INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION  
AS AN INVESTIGATOR IN THE  
SUPERNATURAL. I HASTEN  
TO TELL YOU THE BRIEF,  
YET REMARKABLE STORY  
OF HER LIFE. IT WAS BUT  
A FEW MONTHS AFTER THE  
OUTBREAK OF THE WAR, AND I  
WAS STROLLING ALONG  
RUE FONTAINE WHEN  
SOMEONE TAPPED ME ON  
THE SHOULDER...

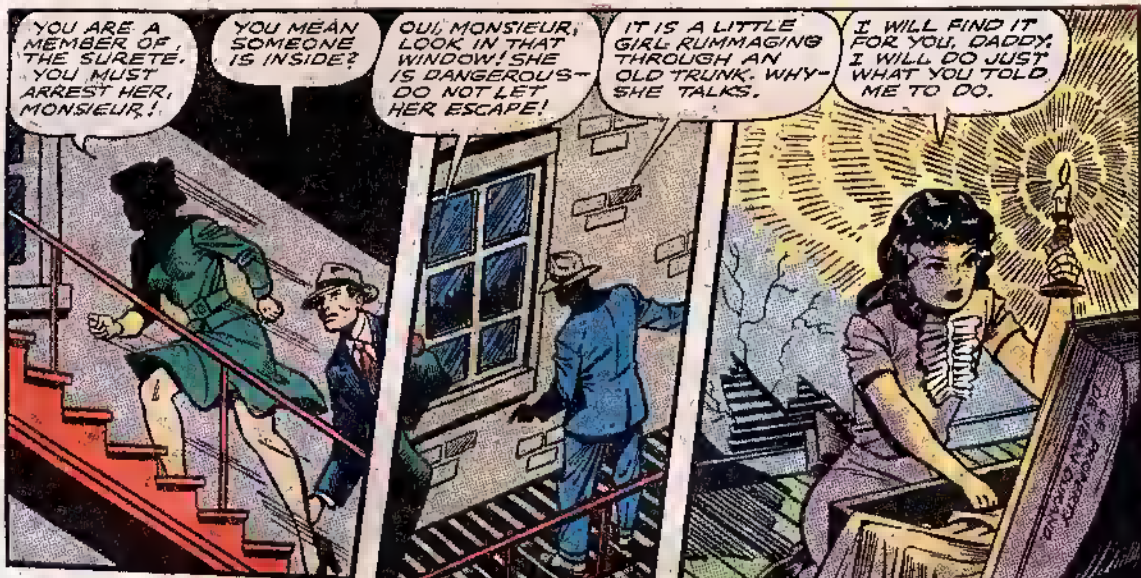
AH, MONSIEUR D'ARCY!  
THERE IS TERRIBLE  
TROUBLE. PLEASE  
COME WITH ME AT  
ONCE - HURRY!

CERTAINLY,  
MADAME -  
BUT WHERE?

UP THIS FIRE-  
ESCAPE - I WILL  
ANSWER YOUR  
QUESTIONS  
LATER - WE  
HAVE NO TIME  
TO LOSE!

YOU MEAN  
THAT OLD  
THEATRICAL  
STOREHOUSE?  
COME ON, THEN.  
LET'S GO!









QUICK, AIMEE,  
NOW'S YOUR  
CHANCE—RUN!  
I SOCKED HIM  
WITH OLD  
RATTLE  
BONES!

STOP! IN THE  
NAME OF THE  
LAW—STOP!

DOWN  
THE  
STAIRS—  
THIS  
WAY—  
HURRY!



WAR ORPHANS—  
WITHOUT ANY HOMES  
OR PARENTS. I CAN-  
NOT CATCH THEM,  
NOW. SAY—



MADAM— DO  
YOU KNOW  
WHERE THOSE  
CHILDREN  
LIVE— WHERE  
ARE YOU?

WHY—  
SHE IS  
GONE!

I SEARCHED  
THE BUILDING,  
BUT THE WOMAN  
HAD DISAPPEARED.  
THEN I WENT  
BACK AND EX-  
AMINED THE  
CONTENTS OF  
THE TRUNK. IT  
CONTAINED THE  
USUAL MAGICIAN'S  
PROPS—A WAND,  
A CLOAK, A  
CRYSTAL BALL—  
NOTHING OF ANY  
IMPORTANCE.  
I NOTED THE  
NAME, JEAN  
DURAND, AND  
THE NEXT DAY  
AN OLD STAGE  
HAND TOLD ME  
HOW THEIR  
ROUTINE WENT...



YOU ARE GOING  
TO SLEEP, AIMEE.  
THEN YOU WILL  
DO EXACTLY WHAT  
I TELL YOU TO DO.

YES, DADDY,  
I WILL DO  
JUST WHAT  
YOU TELL  
ME.



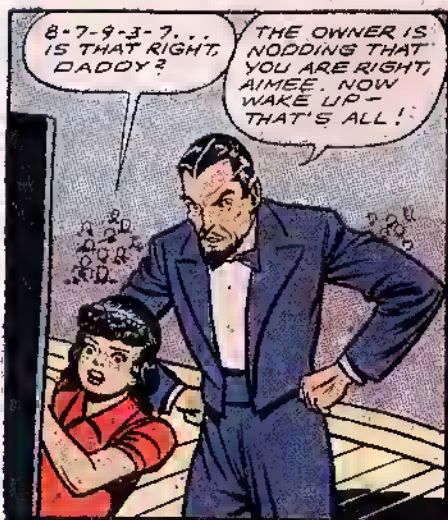
NOW, THEN, YOUR  
MOTHER IS IN THE  
AUDIENCE. SHE IS  
TAKING AN OBJECT  
FROM ONE OF THE  
SPECTATORS. WRITE  
DOWN WHAT IT IS.

A W-A-T-C-H!  
THAT'S RIGHT,  
IS IT NOT?



YES, AIMEE, AND  
NOW I AM HOLDING  
IT UP. WRITE THE  
NUMBER OF ITS  
CASE ON THE  
BLACKBOARD!





8-7-9-3-7...  
IS THAT RIGHT,  
DADDY?

THE OWNER IS  
NODDING THAT  
YOU ARE RIGHT,  
AIMEE. NOW  
WAKE UP—  
THAT'S ALL!

SO THAT HE  
WAS HOW  
WORKED. ON  
FLURTER,  
INQUIRY, I  
FOUND A  
CHORUS GIRL  
WHO WAS  
PLAYING ON  
THE SAME  
BILL WITH  
THEM. SHE  
WAS JUST  
PASSING  
THEIR  
DRESSING  
ROOM  
WHEN...



I HAVE JUST  
LEARNED WHAT  
YOU HAVE BEEN  
DOING, JEAN—  
AND I WILL  
NOT STAND  
FOR IT!



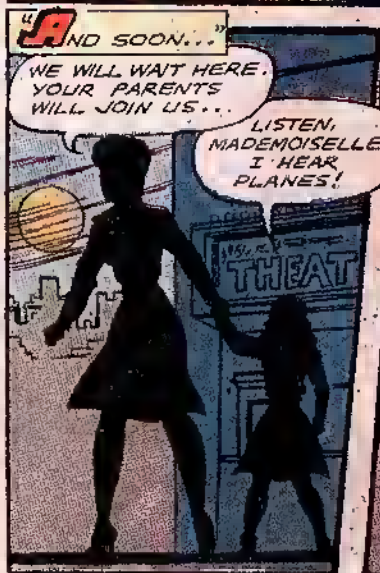
I WILL KILL YOU  
MYSELF IF YOU  
EVER DO IT AGAIN—  
DO YOU UNDER-  
STAND?

HUSH, MARIE,  
ONE OF THE  
CHORUS GIRLS  
IS OUTSIDE.  
SHE WILL  
HEAR YOU.



AIMEE, RUN  
ALONG WITH  
MADMOISELLE  
FLEURETTE.  
WAIT FOR US  
ACROSS THE  
STREET.

YES, AIMEE,  
I WILL JUST  
TAKE A  
SECOND TO  
CHANGE INTO  
MY CLOTHES.  
COME ALONG.



AND SOON...

WE WILL WAIT HERE.  
YOUR PARENTS  
WILL JOIN US...

LISTEN,  
MADMOISELLE—  
I HEAR  
PLANES!



GERMANS,  
AND THEY'RE  
DROPPING  
BOMBS.  
THEY WILL  
KILL US!

NO TIME TO GET  
TO A BOMB  
SHELTER. QUICK,  
CROUCH BY  
THIS WALL!



AND THEN...



THE BODIES OF AIMEE'S PARENTS WERE FOUND IN THE RUINS OF THE SMASHED THEATER. AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GIRL? MY INFORMANT DID NOT KNOW. THEN A FEW DAYS LATER...

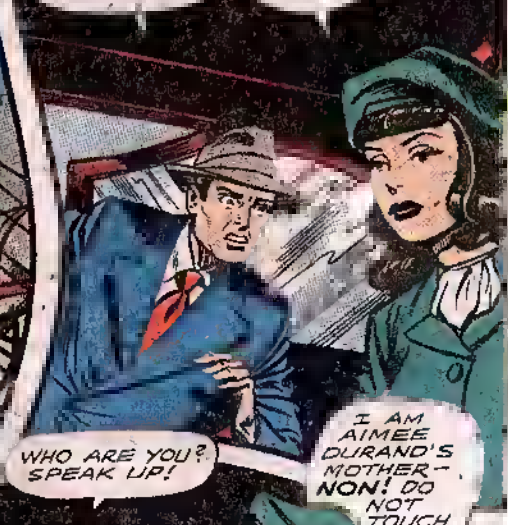


TO THE PREFECTURE'S HEADQUARTERS, CABBIE.

OUI, MONSIEUR! STEP RIGHT IN!

YOU! YOU ARE THE LADY WHO LED ME TO THE WAREHOUSE!

YES, MONSIEUR D'ARCY. SIT DOWN!



WHO ARE YOU? SPEAK UP!

I AM AIMEE DURAND'S MOTHER - NON! DO NOT TOUCH ME!

THERE IS A STORE NEAR THE STATUE DE LAFAYETTE YOU MUST WATCH, M'SIEUR. COME - THERE IS LITTLE TIME.



IT IS A LIE! SHE WAS KILLED WHEN THE THEATER WAS BOMBED! YOU - YOU ARE FADING!

YES, BECAUSE YOU TOUCHED ME, AND I AM DEAD.

BUT PLEASE GO TO THE STATUE, MONSIEUR. SAVE AIMEE - HURRY!

CABBIE, FULL SPEED! TAKE ME TO RUE LAFAYETTE!





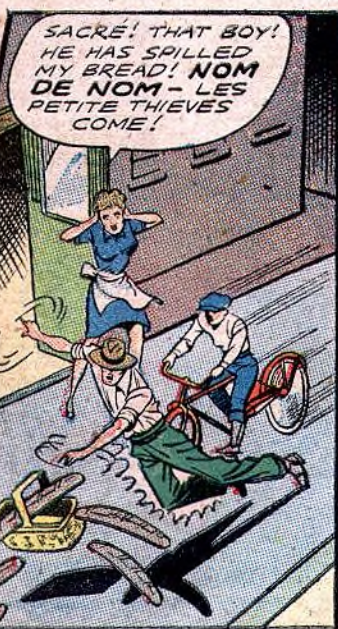
QUICKLY...



MY MIND MUST BE PLAYING TRICKS—THAT WOMAN JUST HAD SOME WILD HALLUCINATION—BUT THERE IS THE SHOP SHE SPOKE OF. AH, SOMEONE IS COMING OUT.



VITE, MONSIEUR. YOU ARE LATE WITH YOUR DELIVERY, CETTE MARTIN!



SACRÉ! THAT BOY! HE HAS SPILLED MY BREAD! NOM DE NOM—LES PETITE THIEVES COME!



WE HAVE THE BREAD—RUN FOR THE SECRET PLACE. RUN! RUN!



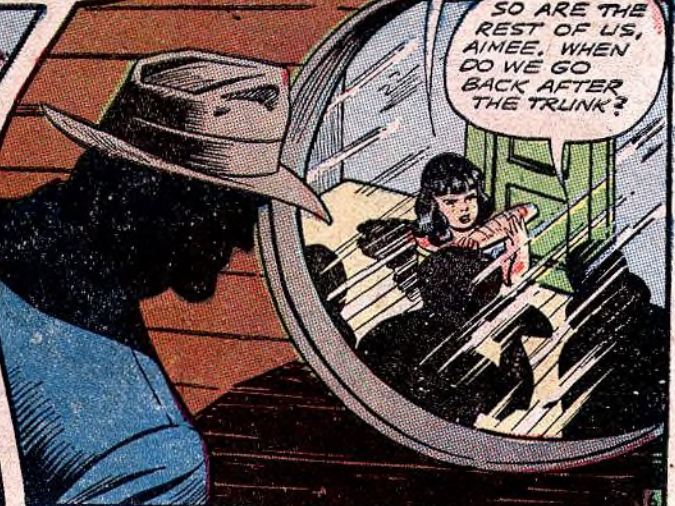
THAT IS AIMEE AND HER BAND OF HOMELESS ORPHANS.

OUI, MONSIEUR, FOLLOW HER QUICKLY.



SOON...

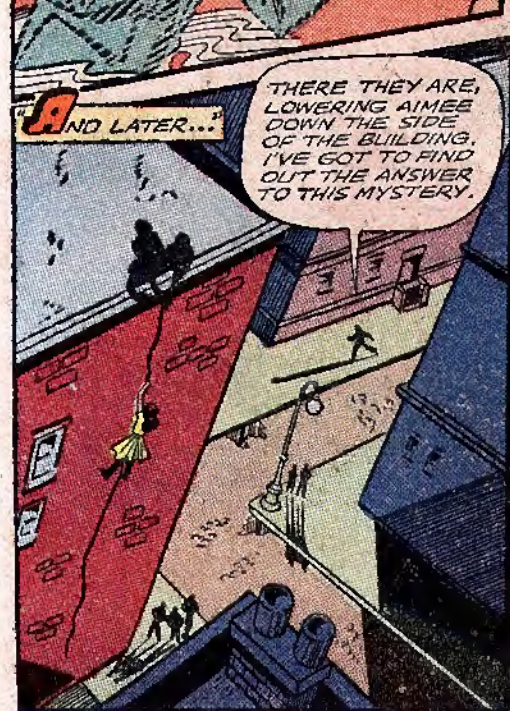
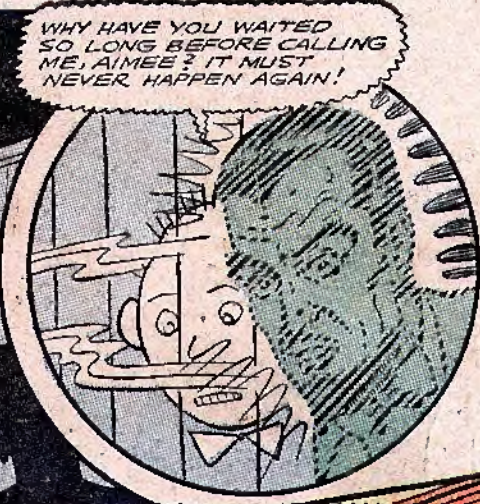
SO, THAT OLD BEACHED SHIP IS THEIR HIDEOUT. I WILL CREEP UP AND SEE WHAT THEY ARE PLANNING NEXT.



THIS BREAD IS STALE—I AM TIRED OF IT!

SO ARE THE REST OF US, AIMEE. WHEN DO WE GO BACK AFTER THE TRUNK?







SO, THAT IS WHAT SHE WANTED - THAT CHEAP CRYSTAL BALL. THERE MUST BE SOME REASON SHE TALKS, BUT THERE IS NO ONE THERE.

I HAVE IT, DADDY. I WILL TAKE IT TO THOSE MEN.

JUST A MINUTE, AIMEE. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU. HARK, SOMEONE COMING!

GERMAN SPIES, MONSIEUR D'ARCY. GET INTO THE ROOM, HURRY!

THAT WOMAN'S VOICE AGAIN - SHE IS WARNING ME - AND SHE IS RIGHT. THOSE MEN ARE SHOOTING!

IT MUST BE IMPORTANT FOR THEM TO OPENLY ATTACK A MEMBER OF THE SURETE. GET BEHIND ME, AIMEE!

ONE DOWN - GOOD - THERE GOES THE OTHER. THAT CRASH - AIMEE, WERE YOU HIT?

THANK HEAVENS, NO! IT WAS THIS BALL. BUT WHAT IS THIS?

IT IS A MODEL OF THE SECRET ARMY REVOLVER, MONSIEUR D'ARCY. MY HUSBAND WAS GOING TO SELL IT TO THE GERMANS JUST BEFORE HE DIED.

OH, MONSIEUR, I HEARD WHAT MAMA SAID. I DID NOT KNOW I WAS HELPING THE HORRIBLE HUNS!

AND THAT IS THE STORY OF AIMEE DURAND, MONSIEUR MURDOCH. SHE HAS PROMISED NEVER TO DRAW A PICTURE OF HER FATHER AGAIN. STILL, I THOUGHT IT ADVISABLE TO WARN YOU, SO IF SHE EVER DOES, YOU WILL UNDERSTAND HOW TO DESTROY THE CONTROL HER FATHER HAS OVER HER.

VOTRE AMI,  
JEAN D'ARCY.

GHOST GALLERY IN EVERY ISSUE OF  
**JUMBO** Comics!

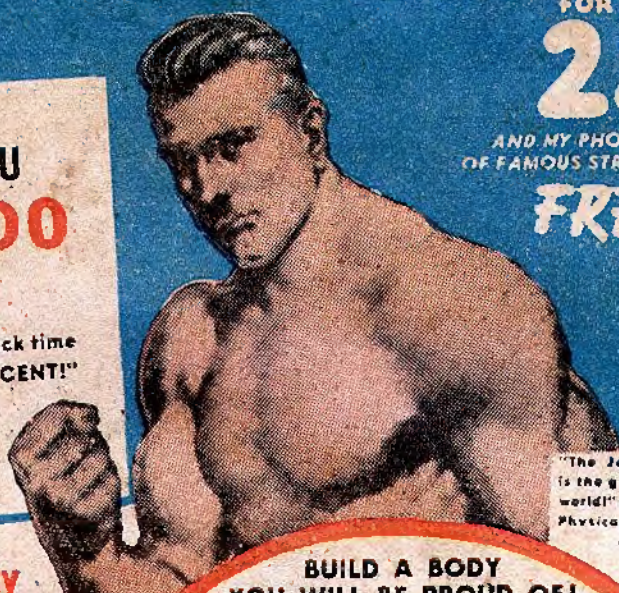


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I can make YOU  
**COMMANDO  
-TOUGH**

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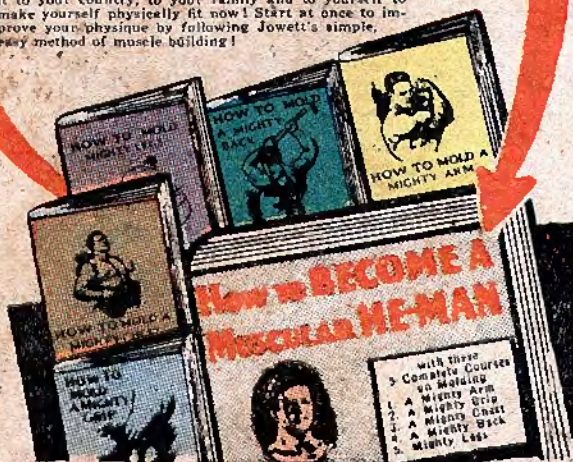


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